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GEN. THEOL. SEM. OF THE P. EPISC. CH.

TEARS OF CONTRITION,

OR

SKETCHES OF THE LIFE

OF

JOHN N. MAFFITT:

WITH

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL

REFLECTIONS.

TO WHICH ARE APPENDED SEVERAL

POETIC EFFUSIONS.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"What better can we do than prostrate fall
"Before him reverend; and there confess
"Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
"Watering the ground; and with our sighs
"The air frequenting, sent from hearts
"Contrite; in sign of sorrow unfeigned,
"And humiliation meek."..... *Johnson.*

NEW-LONDON:
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1821.

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District of Connecticut, ss.

L. S.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the seventh day of March, in the forty-fifth year of the Independence of the United States of America, JOHN N. MAFFITT, of said District, hath deposited in this office, the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as author and proprietor, in the words following, to wit.

"Tears of Contrition, or sketches of the life of John N. Maffitt; with religious and moral reflections. To which are appended several poetic effusions. Written by himself.

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In conformity to an act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned."

CHA'S. A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

A true copy of record; examined and sealed by me.

CHA'S. A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

INTRODUCTION.

"A fugitive from heav'n and pray'r,
"I mock'd at all religious fear,
"Bewilder'd in the mazy lore
"Of mad philosophy; but now
"Hoist sail, and back my voyage plow
"To that blest harbour which I left before."
Francis.

FROM the romantic retreats of far famed Erin—borne on the fickle winds of adverse fortune—a lonely stranger brings his mite of sorrow, and lays the dew-starr'd treasure at Columbia's feet.

The first emanations from his virgin pen, flowing from that vestal flame which feeds a heart, panting to realize eternal fame, in brighter worlds on high.

Ere first the rude, rough wave of fell misfortunes beat against his little bark, and shattered all his youthful hopes, a thought ne'er crossed his bosom, that on

foreign strands that bark would founder, and himself be shipwrecked.

Gay were his noontide hours, nor did a flash of distant misery thwart his early bliss. Home looked so sweet, with native grace and beauty dressed, and twined itself around his heart——spell bound—— that it seemed sacrilegious to tear him from its soil, or transplace the fragile plant to other climes, where, unknown and unlamented, it might droop, and withering, cease to bloom.

"Where in the busy scene, by peace unblest,
"Shall the poor wand'rer find a place of rest?
"A lonely mariner on the stormy main,
"Without a hope, the calms of peace to gain;
"Long toss'd by tempest o'er the world's wide shore,
"When shall his spirit rest to toil no more?
"Not till the light foam of the sea shall lave
"The sandy surface of his unwept grave."

Silent, in some hermit's grot, and lull'd to rest on mossy carpets, far from the malice of unpitying foes, he might have spent his truant hours; but as he sped his trackless footsteps through the labyrinthian wastes of fancy's rich, enchanted landscapes, a voice re-echoed from the vaulted palace of the sky, and in sounds seraphic, dwelt and hung around his soul. Obedi-

ent to the heavenly call, he bade a long adieu to fair Hibernia's hills, and with his staff, like Bunyan's pilgrim, followed the guiding star, till it shot its sparkling gems and mingled with its mates around Columbia's banner; then did the stranger raise his Ebenezer, and build an altar to the God of Jacob. "I am not worthy of "the least of all thy mercies, and of all "the truth which thou hast showed unto "thy servant; for with my staff I passed "over this Jordan, and now I am become "two bands."

Intrusive is the presence of unwelcome guests—not known—suspected and contemned. To apologize, and yet not satisfy a generous publick, is possible. However, in presenting the following narrative to a free people, whose minds are unshackled by little prejudices, I realize the most heart-felt satisfaction—aware that the remembrance of what their forefathers suffered, when strangers in a strange land, will awaken a tender interest for one who now ushers himself into their presence, under circumstances of the most inauspicious nature.

From a combination of peculiar feelings,

roused into action through the medium of false reports and malicious insinuations, I was induced to disclose some of the most marked and leading features of my life and religious sentiments—fully conscious of my inability to do justice to such an arduous undertaking.

Young and inexperienced—possessing but few advantageous opportunities to devote to the study of correct arrangement in my observations, or beauty of style in my composition. I am, therefore, necessarily obliged to present the following work almost in its crude and rugged state, leaning upon that generosity and friendship which so highly distinguish the true born American.

The laborious duties and painful exercises which of late devolved on me, have, in addition to other causes, greatly protracted the prosecution of the work, and fatally militated against that precision and taste which should ever characterize productions intended for the scrutiny of an enlightened public.

With extreme diffidence, and sensible of its numerous imperfections, I resign it to the blessing of heaven, and to the kind

considerations of a noble, candid, and exalted people—humbly praying, and fondly hoping that it may prove a lasting blessing to all, and be rendered beneficial and salutary in its effects.

J. N. M.

March, 1821.

MAFFITT'S LIFE, &c.

I WAS born December 28th, 1794, in the city of Dublin, Ireland. My father was a member of the Methodist Society, yet rigidly attached to the church of England. His character with regard to religious sentiments and respectability in the world, has left behind him a savour that time only will be capable of erasing from the minds of those with whom he was intimately acquainted.

When a child, the influence of divine things made deep and serious impressions on my mind. My attention was peculiarly awakened to contemplate the things of God and the beauties of heaven, and I invariably sought opportunities to converse on topics far beyond my strength of intellect; especially regarding every Minister of the Gospel as a being of superior order.

My father perceiving the natural bent of my mind, made it his constant study to infuse the strictest principles of propriety, philanthropy, and heart-felt devotion into my youthful breast; making me the confidant of those hours he employed supplying the wants of the necessitous, and teaching me that divine precept, "*Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth:* every religious duty was punctually attended to, and no opportunity neglected to "*train up the child in the way he should go.*"

Thus privileged, above the common walks of society, with parents fearing the Lord, and a prospect of affluence in this life, there was an early promise of perfection; but ere the bud could shoot forth one blossom, the tender hand of assiduous care was snatched away! at a moment when no lowring cloud appeared to intimate approaching danger.

My father was taken suddenly ill, and for several weeks no serious apprehensions were entertained that his disorder would terminate with any thing very serious, until within a few days of his dissolution, when it took an alarming turn and threatened his family with an irreparable loss. He bore his afflictions with Christian fortu-

tude, and patiently awaited his Lord's coming with all that resignation which mark'd the last moments of the dying Stephen.

'Ere the world receded from his view, and the scene of mortality closed forever; as if aware of the near approach of the grim monster, Death, he summoned his disconsolate partner and weeping children to his dying bed, and, with a faltering voice, gave each a solemn charge not to put off the concerns of a future state to the hour of sickness or affliction; but to make due preparation to meet him where the parting sob shall no more wring the bursting bosom of the dying saint—and in a few hours entered into that rest prepared for the people of God.

Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root; each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Young.

Here let me drop a tear of beloved remembrance as a simple, yet a precious tribute to the memory of him who taught my infant tongue to lisp the soft, melodious name of Jesus! and first shed the balmy

dew of mild instruction round the tender germe. In vain would I try to eulogize his virtues, and no pencil's touch or chissel's trace can ever fully realize his features.—In my heart alone lies the lovely, never-fading picture. Suffice it to say, he was the most indulgent of fathers!—"*An Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile.*" May I follow his footsteps, and then my last end shall be like his.

For a length of time his words seemed to vibrate on my ear; his dying looks still spoke, as fixed in earnest gaze, he recommended his lonely widow and fatherless children to the protection of Him who has promised to fulfill the two-fold capacity of husband and father.

But too young and trifling for serious impressions to retain a lasting place in my bosom, I soon forgot his council, and set at nought his dying request, entering with avidity into all the pleasing delights of puerile sport.

I had been sent at an early age to an academy, where were a number of young men, with whom I formed an intimate acquaintance. This was the first method devised by the adversary of my soul, to diminish the light afforded me by the spirit of God, and consequently to destroy

those principles of virtue that I had imbibed through the medium of my parents. I was now at a period of life more liable to corruption, and open to the insinuations of satan and a deceptious world, than I was aware of. Those attractions that formerly drew me to the house of God began gradually to lose their influence on my mind, and extending to all my actions, made quick havoc of my devotional hours, until they disappeared altogether.

No longer anxious to hear the Ministers of the Gospel describe the sufferings of Christ, or paint the joys of the heavenly world, an entire revolution took place in my conduct, which ended in complete disgust to every religious performance. Often have I since lamented my folly, and wished, vainly wished to recall those days of innocence and virtue, when no cloud in gathering fury tinged my brow with discontent or care, and all around spoke sweet delight and peaceful harmony.

Many were the divine sensations that would have taken possession of my breast, but——the world had secured too firm a footing——and like a tyrant, swayed its iron sceptre over the fettered slave, fully conscious of his growing power. 'Tis

true, I struggled not—that hour was passed—the warfare o'er—and victory became his!

At the age of fourteen, I was determined to try the most polished method of attaining what the world calls happiness. Possessing a natural taste for reading, I procured every novel and romance from the most celebrated circulating libraries in the city, for the purpose of exploring the fields of fiction, and culling every sweet that was offered to my imagination. Even those hours that were necessary to support nature, became a sacrifice to my false views; spending the greater part of every night in the study of those books that pourtray the fashionable world. My feelings caught fire with the relation of lovers' adventures, heroic deeds, and grand tournaments. Swallowed up in the luxury of their honied sweets, all my powers partook of the poison they infused, spreading their baneful influence throughout my soul.

I conceived there was an imperative necessity for me to become a principal or hero of renown, by achieving some great action, and endeavoring to realize those air built castles that were displayed in the recital of romantic nonsense.

To accomplish this purpose, I attended every ball within the circle of my connections; paid my addresses at the shrine of every fashionable beauty; and devoted every leisure hour to the study of my dress and appearance.

Although engaged in this manner, and lost to all the enjoyments of religion; divested of a solitary desire to attend the worship of God; my private hours were attended with the most alarming intimations of danger, even when engaged in reading some interesting, though lying tale or musing how I could more diligently and faithfully serve my master.*

Reader! examine thy heart! and know that this was the good spirit of God, and perhaps whilst thou art looking over these pages, thou wilt see thy image reflected as in a glass, and detect thy deformity. Recollection then will call forth the hour when the hand of God was laid on thee, and thy soul terrified with a fearful looking for wrath and indignation.

I well remember one night, when some pleasing fabled story attracted the sensi-

* John's Gospel, viii, 44.—Ye are of your father the Devil, and the lust of your father ye will do.

bility of my heart, and awakened the deepest attention; I had read until past midnight; but the seductive page failing to interest me as in its commencement, I became drowsy, and after some time fell into a deep slumber.

I was reclining on my bed, and had fixed the lamp carelessly on my pillow, in a position so unfavorable, that were I but to move, the curtains would in all probability communicate to its blaze, and before I could be made acquainted with my danger, there would have been no opportunity to have escaped the conflagration. I continued in that situation, unconscious that one turn would have precipitated me into the burning pool, until morning light with her beams awaked me. I looked around and started, when I beheld the danger I had been exposed to; and shrunk for a moment at the idea of being burned to death, as that would have been the inevitable consequence was there not a compassionate arm stretched out to snatch me from impending ruin.

Alas! no breath of praise emanated from my frozen heart, nor did I view my hair's breadth escape in that manner intended by divine providence; but ungratefully spurned the heavenly visitant.

Thus was the goodness of God, whether awake or asleep, following and inviting me to seek for true happiness in the enjoyment and favor of heaven. The greedy appetite I had obtained through the study of books ill calculated to form the mind or direct the judgment, so vitiated my taste for higher and more important subjects, that I rejected all that were disrobed of the charms of fiction or the glare of false colouring.

The dangerous tendency of devoting the morning of my life in this manner, cannot be fully realized; yet it was a sure means of leading me into paths of vice and folly, and crushing every seed of virtue implanted in my heart. I hope it may prove a lasting memento or warning to my youthful readers, to beware how they trifle with instruments formed for destruction.

About this time, in consequence of imprudences at a ball, I was seized, in the midst of my pleasures, while in the full career of vanity, with a malignant fever and carried to my bed, where I languished a fortnight, unconscious of my danger, in a state of mental derangement. On the fourteenth day, when my life was despaired of, and no hopes entertained of

my recovery, I suddenly regained the use of my faculties, and awoke to all the wretchedness of my dreary situation.—Fearful were my apprehensions of an immediate summons to that world where all is dread uncertainty. I felt as if the stern messenger was at the door; past scenes with all my folly, madness and dissipation crowded the picture, as if to blast me with their withered forms: There too I beheld mispent hours as incalculable as the stars in the firmament, and read in liveliest characters the transcript of my registered crimes. Eternity with its vast, tremendous, ample round, filled up the awful chasm; and to crown all, I was shivering on the brink of that unknown abyss where, melting fire in quickening fury rolls, and grating thunders pour their deadly notes upon the ear.

Reader! hast thou ever been on a sick bed! and when thy pale face was turned to the wall, made thy vows to the Almighty, and promised were he but to spare thy life, a change of conduct would ensue?—If thou hast, look narrowly into thy heart and examine thy present standing: if thou art still in the *gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity*, may these lines be an alarm to thy conscience, and

like the shock of thunders dire, rouse thee into action, that thy halcyon hours may be devoted to the purposes of religion, ere the mighty angel Gabriel calls thee to the bar of the eternal God.

Where now, thought I, are those phantoms? where those floating bubbles? gone and sunk into oblivion. I viewed the world, with all its pomp and splendid beauty, as the veriest deceiver that ever lured a sinking soul to hell.

Towards night my feelings were so harrowed up at the thought of dwelling with *devils and damned spirits*, and being *banished from the presence of the Lord forever*, that in the bitterness of my soul I cried out, "Lord, save or I perish! Lord, save or I sink into hell!" and requested those around to send immediately to the people of God, and have my case presented at the throne of grace, exhorting them to prepare for dying, lest they would be brought to experience the tortures of a guilty conscience.

Soon after I fell asleep; this was the most critical period of my disorder, as my life was pending on the issue; but through the mercy of God, when I awoke, the fever had left me, and I was congratulated on the prospect of a speedy recovery.

A change soon took place in my sentiments. As I now deemed it an instance of cowardice my being afraid to die and giving the world an opportunity to laugh at me, I would fain recall my words, and began to reason with myself in the following manner: I have never been formed for a religious character, and it will be full time when I can no longer gratify myself with pleasure, to think of preparing for another world.

Fatal delusion! These are sentiments too much indulged, not only by the profane and ungodly, but by those who flatter themselves that they possess some good quality to recommend them to the favor of heaven; who are afraid to be called singular, lest the finger of scorn should point them out; or by accepting the garb of a religious character, and becoming a lowly follower of the meek and humble Jesus, when in the prime of life, lose those enjoyments, improperly so called, that are daily presented by satan to the youthful mind.

The latter sentiment is calculated to degrade the human character, and sink its native dignity to a level much inferior to the brute creation. When we consider our manifold obligations to the providence

of God—his guardian care in preserving us from the many dangers that are incident to mortals—his kindness in anticipating our wants—and above all, the manifestations of his love, in the gift or free-will offering of his only begotten son, Jesus Christ, thereby preparing a rich provision for our recovery and final exaltation to the mansions of light, in glory. The base returns made by the human family, when contrasted, betray a preponderance sufficient to sink them to the deepest and most dreary part of the regions of the damned.

What! present the dregs, the last of thy evanescent days to God? . . . paltry idea! I hope ere now my youthful reader feels the blush of shame, in crimson hue, mantle o'er his cheek; or, that the ruby tear of sorrow and regret, begins to trickle down, at the thought of all those precious hours, long past, that bore no pleasing tidings to the sky.

> No joy, no glory glitters in thy sight,
> But through the thin partition of an hour.
> *Young.*

A considerable time elapsed before I regained my strength, or was able to return to those pleasures I was so near being de-

prived of. But through the medium of care and an unimpaired constitution, I partially recovered my health, and with its perfect re-establishment, an appetite, now sharpened by confinement, to gorge myself with the most refined pleasures, by rushing forth into every extravagance, and ranging at large all the gardens of luxury and dissipation, visiting every place formed for amusement, and in particular that nest of malignant blandishment, the Theatre. Here allow me to warn the youth of both sexes, and point out the awful consequences that accrue to those who make it their study to visit such places, and, putting the curtain aside, detect the cursed evil that lurks unseen in the representation of all pieces within the range of the drama. It has been long an acknowledged fact, that in each there is a moral contained: but this evidence is not a sufficient proof to authorise us in the assertion that they are of general utility towards the suppression of vice, or that they have ever produced a more ardent love of virtue. On the contrary, it is an indisputable fact, that the tinsel or show that attends their representation, with the gilded scenery and dulcet sounds of music that are necessarily combined to at-

tract a crowded audience and amuse the fancy, are the very means that destroy the moral and render the lesson barren and unfruitful; defacing the true picture of human life, and opening the gaudy storehouses of romance and fiction, to infuse poison into the youthful breast, and effectually destroy their zest for those pure, simple, and heaven-born truths presented unto us by the Ambassadors of Jehovah, not in the borrowed imagery of unreal bliss, but with the true stamp of genuine beauty, traced by a hand that cannot err, and with a pencil dipped in the rich streams of bleeding mercy that flowed from a Savior's heart.

In vain did remembrance bring the past to view and tell me of my broken vows, while conscience looked me in the face, and charged me with my faithless promises.—For a moment I would stop . . . and again add another heap to the already accumulated treasures of wrath, by resolving I would amend my life, nor drink so deep in the intoxicating draught; but straightway forgetting my resolution, in the vortex of pleasure, hurry on and tread upon the verge of the yawning cavern. 'Tis true that some principles of honor yet remained, nor were those good desires alto-

gether extinguished that I had early imbibed through the channel I have already mentioned, (which operating as a rein to vices, that had it been otherwise, might have prevailed to the entire destruction and subversion of every noble sentiment that might still live within my breast,) which prevented my practising two vices that are a disgrace to the name of gentleman (setting aside religion) namely, swearing and drunkenness. However, I did not attempt to vaunt myself because I was not stained with those foul crimes, nor strive to cover myself with the cloak of the Pharisee, knowing that the most perfect obedience could not secure me from the curse of the law, or present me guiltless at the bar of divine justice.

For three years I continued in this state of alienation from God—trying every method to quiet the goadings of conscience—pursuing the glittering meteors that shine in the fashionable hemisphere—and vainly imagining that when grey hairs and wrinkled old age pointed to the silent tomb, I would bow to the mild sceptre of redeeming grace. . . . . But God, whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, frustrated my unmanly intentions, and convinced me of his loving kindness and willing-

ness to snatch even me from the eternal burning.

At the age of 19, indifferent as to my fate or future destiny—without the fear of God before my eyes—ambitious to attain the summit of false splendour, and animated by the adulation of a flattering world—not having prayed sincerely since the time I was at the point of death, unconscious of what awaited me. The arrest came from heaven, or 'tis impossible to know where my madness would have hurried me.

I had frequented the Methodist meeting house from a child; first, with my father, and after his decease, with my mother, who was regular in her attendance, when their hours did not interfere with the Protestant church of which she was a member; but could never be prevailed upon to stay until the conclusion of the service. It was the practice of the Methodist Preachers, frequently to visit my mother, at which times I generally found some pretext to be absent, lest their arguments should prevail on me to forsake those pleasures to which I was so closely wedded, and what is most extraordinary, embraced every opportunity to ridicule those people, who I was conscious, if there was

happiness to be found in religion, had gained the express scriptural marks of its reality, and walked before God as children of superior light, and possessing the distinguishing features of a yet more exalted dispensation.

One day, within a few weeks of the night I was taken in the toils of the gospel net, there was some company at my mother's that prepared to go to a Methodist meeting, to be holden at a private house, not far distant. I joined with a view of making sport, and accompanied them to the place appointed.

The Minister throughout his sermon repeated several times in a rough, loud voice, "repent, ungodly sinner!" This was a novel way to address an individual, as I thought he noticed me in particular, which excited the risibility of my countenance, so much that I was obliged to rise and abruptly leave the room, lest, by staying any longer, I might transgress the bounds of propriety; and after our company returned, I continued for some time attempting to describe the manner and method of the Preacher, to the amusement of every one present: like Saul, when in the midst of his glory, persecuting the Church of God, and haling men

and women to prison, he was struck to the earth, and afterwards, through the interposition of heaven, became their champion, espousing the cause of those very characters that had hitherto called forth his vengeance, and nerved his proud, rebellious arm. How strange, how mysterious are the ways of heaven. Angels desire to look into the mystery, but are unable to comprehend *the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God: how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!*

On that Sabbath which was so memorable in the history of my life, as the last that I was to spend in the service of sin, nothing very remarkable occurred until evening, when my mother expressed a desire I would accompany my sisters to Whitefriar-street Meeting-house. With reluctance I was prevailed upon to go, and, as usual, left them at the threshold of the door, wandering forth in search of what I considered more preferable than to be confined in the house of God for a dreary hour. At the usual time for their dismissal I returned, and after waiting without for some time, I ventured in, to hurry them home, as I then thought their time might be better employed in gaiety

and sport, but found their attention was drawn and their minds fixed to await the conclusion of the service, as the society were about entering into a solemn covenant with God; a performance generally attended to once every year, in all our societies throughout Ireland.

Not aware at first of their intention, I went into the gallery, expecting my sisters would join me; and while anxiously waiting for them to rise, the doors closed, and I consequently detained to witness this very solemn exercise. As I have not seen any thing of the kind in this country, I shall state the method used. After a suitable sermon is delivered, the congregation is dismissed. The society, with all serious minded persons, are then requested to retain their places, while the preacher reads the form of a covenant written by Mr. Wesley, for entering the new year, containing solemn promises to live closer to God and be more devoted to him the ensuing year, and on their knees repeat audibly, particular sentences with the preacher—closing the exercise by singing the covenant hymn—all the time lifting up the right hand in token of their solemn vow, and to ratify the covenant they make.

While the preacher was reading, I felt no particular sensation whatever; but when I saw the solemnity that sat on every face, and beheld the congregation kneel with devout awe, lifting up the hand and promising to be for God, I began to tremble, and looking around me, perceived all were engaged—all were praying—and I left alone. I thought of the last day, when perhaps I should be left alone, a standing monument of his vengeance.—But, like Pharaoh, I hardened my heart: "What!" said I, "make a covenant with God!—I cannot do it!—I will not do it." Then putting my fingers in my ears, stopped them, determined not to join or give one moment longer to reflection. I despised them for their meanness to groan and weep in such a manner, and, as if beset by all the engines of infidelity, was ready to curse them and deny the being of a God. Maddened by the horrors of my mind, I started to fly the house—but at the head of the stairs was again arrested by some unknown power. I could not proceed.—My alarm encreasing, I trembled lest I should fall, as every one in the house seemed to condemn me. In a few minutes, however, the meeting closed, and I was released from agony insupportable.

There was company in the house when we returned, that had arrived during our absence, which proved a kind of balsam to my wound—glad of an opportunity to fly from those tormenting fears that were beginning to operate more powerfully on my mind than I at first expected, and hushing the convictions that were about seizing my guilty soul. With inward contempt I smiled at the bugbear fear, and wondered at my want of courage to withstand that power that was nearly overcoming me in the house of God. I made more than usual merriment, and displayed all the vivacity I could possibly muster to hide the canker worm that was rioting within.

At a late hour I retired to my bed, nor once thought of commending my soul to Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.

It was past midnight!—a solemn stillness reigned around, that shed an awful thrill through all my powers, but frequently having a similar sensation, I lulled the feelings to rest, and called up courage to my aid. But still it crept through all my veins, and with it came the voice of heaven .... the word *Eternity!* .... with peculiar emphasis, dreadful as the sound

that arrested the percecuting Paul, reverberated to my inmost soul. I listened . . . while horror, freezing the warm tide that circulated through every avenue of life, sent a chilly dampness to my panting heart. I turned and turned, and strove to close my eyes upon a scene, where fearful spectres rose, teeming with ten thousand nameless shapes, that pointed all their poisoned shafts to wound my soul. The image was terrific. No longer able to withstand conviction's awful power, and frighted with the conscious sense of my inability to stand before the judgment seat of Christ, and the miseries of the damned appearing in colors too glaring for my imagination to bear, I literally cast myself out of bed, and on the floor, in humble prostration, cried out, "who art thou Lord? Mercy! save me from the opening pit, whose devouring flames were almost apparent to my view. I cried—I wept—implored mercy—called upon a compassionate God to extend an arm of pity towards a repenting, returning rebel. But all appeared cold indifference on the side of heaven. I promised to give up all my vain companions—offered up my vanity—my pride—my dress—and made two more sacrifices that were as difficult as the

parting with a right hand, or the plucking out of a right eye; namely, the Theatre and Ball Room.

In this manner I spent the greater part of the night, accompanied by earnest cries and piteous groans for deliverance—making a solemn resolution, if God would only spare my life till morning, I would find out some christian man, tell him my situation, and desire his prayers. At the return of morning, Satan came also, and with his seducing smiles, tried his utmost to persuade me it was all delusion. What said he, would the world think of you—your companions too, they will laugh you to scorn—consider the reproach, the shame, the obloquy, generally attached to christians.—And again the loss you will sustain by giving up those enjoyments that have been a source from whence you have derived satisfaction—offering me more of their pleasing toys, and even tempting me to believe that I had gone too far in sin ever to expect mercy, and that it would be an eternal stab to my honor to retract—therefore how ridiculous to be made a fool of by whining away my days in the service of God and religion, when there was such a miserable prospect of succeeding.

This cunning statesman of Pandemonium, after suggesting his diabolical advice, introduced pride, one of his most powerful auxiliaries, to support him in his vile attack upon the fortress of my heart, unwilling to give up the struggle while a probability remained of his becoming the victor.

Beset on every side—naturally proud and full of vanity, I concurred with the sentiments instilled through the medium of this arch fiend, that goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour; and ere I ventured from my chamber, resolved that I would no longer listen to the enthusiastic fervor of a heated imagination, or barter all the pleasures of this life, for the visionary dreams of religious phrensy.

With indignation I thought on the transactions of the past night, when my cries were so loud and piercing that my family were alarmed, and by coming to the outside of my chamber, found out the cause. This was more cutting to my pride than all other considerations, and now some method must be adopted to secure their silence, or persuade them it was all a farce. I wished that I had been more prudent, and had not committed

myself in such an open manner: however, as the sinner is ever fruitful at invention, I dressed my face in all the smiles of apparent cheerfulness, and with the most perfect composure, made my appearance in the breakfast room.

Notwithstanding my care to play the hypocrite, the disquietude of my soul was such that it mocked all my pains, and committed so many shades through my countenance, that in despite of my best efforts, I was betrayed to all around. There was an immediate inquiry made concerning my reasons for making such an outcry; but with all the appearance of truth, I declared that no cause existed, and would answer no further questions.

With what forbearance did God act towards me, who, regardless of his mercies or his judgments, was meanly stabbing the heart that throbbed to embrace me—mere mercy—free grace. Were it not that the blood of Jesus sprinkled the mercy seat, and spoke louder in my behalf than the blood of Abel called for vengeance on his murderer, the thunderbolts of heaven would have struck me, and soul and body long since been consigned to darkness, chains and death.

Throughout this day, unnoticed by all

but that eye that pierces the thickest covering, I was in deep distress, closely followed by the tempter, with every possible device and insinuation combined, to confirm me in my resolution of resisting the drawings of the good spirit of God, and closing my ears to the calls of his love. But after all my promises to be firm and immovable in my purpose, I began to halt between two opinions, and, if practicable, seek a middle path, or make an attempt to steer in a course that would keep me suspended between religion and the world, or, dividing the interests of both, serve God and Mammon, unwilling to confess or forsake sin by an outward acknowledgment, and by so doing expose myself to the contemptuous sneers of my companions in iniquity.

The sinner, when brought to this rallying point, tries every means to fly what he conceives to be his enemy—winds along every avenue—looks for security into every hiding place, and vainly seeking shelter in those bowers of ease that hitherto covered or blinded his understanding, struggles with the arrow—applies every medicine—but all proves abortive; and not till the drooping, fainting rebel is deeply wounded—his own strength exhausted—hopeless

and lost, and sensible of the inefficacy of every earthly covert to give real security or safety, is he willing to approve and close in with the offers of mercy, or bow submission to the yoke of Christ.

As the shades of evening gave notice of the near approach of night, my convictions became more pungent, and drew from me the most poignant, agonizing feelings of remorse and contrition; but alas, my pride seemed unconquerable—a fortress that would take an earthquake of God's power to shake it from its very foundation, and break up the fallow ground of this offspring of the lower regions!—My heart not fully penetrated by the love of Jesus, I was unable to make the sacrifice of renouncing myself, but still clung to earth, unwilling to break those silken cords that bound me to its seducing charms.

For three days I could adopt the language of the prophet, and inquire "*is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?*" Each night presented a continued round of gloomy incertitude—promising and breaking my promises—at one time engaged in earnest prayer, and on the point of plunging by faith into the purple flood; but not wholly relying on

the promises of God, I feared to launch away—ready to yield and ready to forbear.

The last night of the three, I remained on my knees until a very late hour, supplicating a throne of grace, and eagerly longing for deliverance from the burden which oppressed my heart, when suddenly a thought entered my mind that I must expect some supernatural appearance to convince me of the enormity of my crimes and produce a yet more powerful effect on my understanding.

The circumstances which attended the conversion of Col. Gardiner—the view he had of the Saviour extended on the cross—all conspired to make me believe in the necessity of having such conviction as would be lasting, fixed, and permanent.—Sensibly alive to the danger I was exposed to in now attempting to tread my steps back to sin, and giving up as a forlorn hope the possibility of my being made acquainted with experimental religion, I accordingly altered my position and kneeling towards the window, prayed for some visible sign whereby I might be more fully capable of realizing a sense of my undone condition: But all my prayers were like "the sounding brass or tinkling cym-

bol," and after continuing in that posture for several hours, I retired to rest, wretched and disconsolate.

On Thursday morning, through the influence of a servant of my mother's—a pious, holy woman—I was introduced to a soldier in the 42d regiment, who had been made the instrument of much good in the city, by taking up his cross and declaring salvation through the blood of Christ in the public streets

At first I was unwilling to speak to him —my pride forbade it—but that obstacle was gradually disappearing, and after some time I was induced to converse with him on the subject of religion. He invited me, with considerable interest in his manner, to attend a meeting he purposed holding that evening in North King-street. At parting, I expressed a wish for him to remember me in his prayers, but did not enter into particulars. He readily promised to pray for me, exhorting me first, as a preliminary, to renounce the world and give my heart wholly into the hands of my Maker. I replied that there was no possible sacrifice, no matter how great its magnitude, that I would not be willing to make, or pleasure that I would not gladly relinquish, for an interest in the atonement

of Jesus Christ; but that I had not that faith in exercise which was necessary for the accomplishment of this desirable object; not convinced that God could consistently pardon such a transgressor as I had been. These objections he quickly and pertinently answered, soliciting me with greater earnestness to attend the proposed meeting.

When the hour drew near, I was strongly tempted to remain in my chamber, but having made a promise, I thought it best to fulfil my engagement. It was a singular place for me to be found in, as from my childhood I had neglected associating myself with religious characters in general, paid but very little respect to vital holiness, and when I was induced to attend divine worship, fashion influenced my devotions more than any real advantage I expected to derive from its exercises. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if I felt reluctance almost amounting to shame, when it was known I avowedly went for the express purpose of making my calling and election sure.

The soldier delivered an exhortation, in which he described my actions, broken vows, and manner of life. I was astonished beyond measure, nor could I fathom

die mystery how it was possible for him to know the secret movements of my heart—a man of whom I had no knowledge till that day. I called in my scattered thoughts with as much composure as was consistent, considering the place I was in, and the business that introduced me there.

At the conclusion of his discourse, earnest supplication was made by several, in behalf of those who were seeking the *pearl of great price.* I joined fervently in their devotion, with all that sincerity which designates the broken in heart—but alas! my prayers were to no purpose—I was still a prisoner in that *pit wherein is no water.* When the blessing was pronounced, I hailed it as my certain death warrant! the amen of an endless curse.

While I was ruminating on my hopeless state, with my eyes bent on the earth, fearful of lifting them towards heaven, and bereft of every comfort, a voice, impressive as the one that conveyed *Eternity* to my soul the night I was so awfully awakened, again saluted my ears, with these words, "you must pray with your family or you will never be blessed."—"What!" said I, "pray?—Lord, I cannot!—nay, I will not—I have never pray-

ed." Again it spoke, "*Pray with your family!*" I stopped in the street—looked amazed—then continued my course towards home, when the voice repeated, "*Pray!*" Bewildered, my brain confused, I cried out in the delirium of the moment, "*Where shall I fly? Where shall I hide my guilty head?*—I fixed a vacant gaze on surrounding objects, like a person bereaved of every earthly friend, and with tears in my eyes besought the Lord to have mercy on me and stay his afflictive hand, as an arrow from his quiver was rankling within, and no human power seemed capable of withdrawing it.

By this time I had arrived at my house —with precipitation I retired to my chamber, where I sought to quiet my fears and calm my disturbed spirits—but it would have been as easy to hush the roaring elements or smooth the watery billows. The voice haunted me—"*Pray with your family!*" I groaned in the disquietude of my soul, and in an agony of tears begged for a release.

After using every effort to gain the ascendency over what I believed to be a delusion, I was obliged to give way and bend submissive to the voice of God. Accordingly, with much trembling, stammer-

ing, and blushes, I informed my mother how I was exercised, and requested permission to pray with her, believing that nothing less would quell the tumult of my mind With seeming satisfaction she assented to my proposal, and observed, that an entire reformation in my conduct would be a source from whence she would derive much real comfort and satisfaction in her declining days, and that it would be a matter of joy to her in the hour of dissolution.

No pen can describe my sufferings during the interval that elapsed, ere I could summon resolution sufficient to pray with her. I walked to and fro like a man distracted, and having waited till a very late hour, that my brothers and sisters might have an opportunity to retire, I ventured into the apartment where my mother was anxiously waiting my presence, alone; and opening the bible, met with these words, "*My grace is sufficient for thee.*—" I closed it, but unconscious of what I was doing, opened it again. While my perturbation was such that I could scarcely articulate one sentence, and my eye glanced on this remarkable passage, "*Behold, he prayeth,*" I then knelt down, not unlike a man that was going to the stake, and, confus-

ed, agitated, and trembling, pronounced an unintelligible petition—rose up, and with quick, hasty footsteps, hurried, or almost flew to my chamber—covering my face with my handkerchief, as if guilty of of some unpardonable crime—fearing lest the world should hear that I had attempted to pray, and the consequence be a public disgrace, attended by the scoffs and sneers of my former companions. Eager of his prey and almost despairing of success, satan once more urged his suit, anxious to shame me out of my convictions and try what effect the above fears would produce on my wavering disposition.

Ignorant of his devices, I for a while listened to his suggestions, and wished—yea, longed it were in my power to recall the transactions of the past week, and recover the former serenity of my mind.—*All would not do.*—Every struggle I made to be released, involved me deeper in distress, despair, and misery. Incapable of luring sleep to my embrace, I traversed my apartment the greater part of the night, at times expecting some token of divine favour, or giving up the prospect of ever being made a partaker of the heavenly treasure—my longing eye in search of some light to break the impervious shade,

and cheer me with a gleam of consolation.

Towards morning I concluded mercy never would be shown to me, nor ope her pitying arms to save me from the avenging stroke of justice. I therefore resolved to make one desperate effort ere I sunk beneath the beating surge, and with the last faint struggle of a drowning mariner, sought to gripe some fragment of the wreck to buoy me up. With this intention I rushed once more impetuous into the whirlpool of fashion, and attended, that day being Saturday, a splendid assembly. Whilst fluttering around in search of some flower to regale my senses, and wondering at my want of discernment to distinguish between the monkish austerity of religion, and the gay assemblage of beauties that now presented their borrowed plumes to dazzle my eyes and exalt my expectations, I found, however, venom distilled from every apparent sweet.—Under the mask of smiles, revenge, jealousy, corruption, blasphemy, and all manner of lasciviousness revelled with daring effrontery, calling forth the anger of an Almighty Being to substitute justice for mercy, and cause the door of hope to close forever.

Disgusted with the world and its seductions, I returned home in the deepest distress. *Now*, thought I, *God will certainly forsake me.*——WRETCHED DELINQUENT——I have abused his holy spirit, and sought to banish the heavenly messenger from the threshold of my heart—cried with the Jews of old "Give me Barrabas!"—my idols!—any thing!—but "*away with Jesus!*——*crucify him!*——*crucify him!*"---Oh! my soul! what hast thou done?—shut up every avenue to thy heart, lest thy Saviour's presence would invite a paradise within, and bless thee with an antepast of heaven!

I looked—and looked—but all the prospect blackened with the mist of Tartarian darkness—beset by legions of combinate hell, let loose for the purpose of opposing my attempts to yield or press into the *liberty of God's dear children.* This is but a faint semblance of what pervaded my inmost soul.

In this hour of danger, when despair arose to add another victim to his many spoils——*Heaven* sent a messenger in the person of that woman I had long despised, (my mother's servant) which proved, in some degree, a mean of encouraging me to persevere. I asked her if God

would pass over the violation of his law, and forgive me after the manner I had acted that day. In order to stifle my conviction, she replied, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, who ever liveth to make intercession for us," and particularized to me more clearly the method or plan of salvation—that I could possess no better recommendation to the Saviour, than *misery, nakedness, and pollution*—that all our efforts were unavailing and ineffectual to make ourselves better, or procure pardon and reconciliation with God, but merely through the merit and satisfaction of our adorable Redeemer.—All that was therefore required or thought necessary in the seeking soul, would be a total renunciation of the world—forsaking all that heretofore caught their affections, or held them in bondage—and every possibility of escaping the divine indignation, but "*repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.*"

I listened attentively, but expressed my doubts, notwithstanding my belief that God was transcendant in goodness—gracious in mercy, and condescending to such as were willing and obedient; but that I had now sinned away my day of grace,

and was given over to hardness of heart and a reprobate mind.

She reasoned, encouraged, and invited me to make one trial more—to resolve, that if I were to perish, it should be at the foot of Calvary. "Nay, more," said she, "I have presented you at a throne of grace, and have received divine intimations, gracious answers from thence, that God is now willing to pardon and make you his by adoption. I smiled on her, not with contempt; but she appeared so satisfied of the importance of earnest prayer, that her faith and zeal looked to me without knowledge. I therefore plainly stated my opinion, that she was never more deceived in her life, as it was very improbable that a pure and holy being would look with any degree of complacency or pleasure on such a vile wretch as I then felt myself—and left her.

I retired to the solitude of my chamber, where reflection crouded the following train of ideas into action:—I glanced back on my past life, and traced the hand of God in preserving me from numerous dangers, seen and unseen. When a child, the divine impressions that were made upon my youthful mind—the solicitude of my father, in pointing out the durability

of an eternal home—his examples of holy living—his ardent prayers, exhortations, and frequent warnings for me to beware of ungodly company, and ever to keep a conscience void of offence, by making my heart the repository of every good desire, and especially the residence of him who was once cradled in a manger.

The fears I had felt from my earliest infancy of falling into hell, and being eternally lost—my conduct since, derogatory to the character of a christian—my total misimprovement of time, of talents, and of opportunities—my inattention to the repeated calls of heaven—with all my sins and iniquities, now rose in mountains impassable, so that every ray of hope was shrouded in the mists of night.

" Where's now my frenzy's pompous furniture ?
" The cobweb'd cottage. with its ragged walls
" Of mouldering mud, is royalty to me !"

Isolated, miserable, and wretched—full of remorse and dread—the weight of my ingratitude becoming still more oppressive—and almost assured that there was no prospect of my ever tasting the perennial joys of paradise.—I will satiate myself, thought I, with the vanities of this transitory elysium, and drink large potions out of the cup of earthly bliss . . . . . .

and when no longer capable of enjoying them, drop like useless lumber, and be banished to the dreary abodes of want and wretchedness.

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But that God who is rich in mercy, beheld my situation—looked on me and saw my distress, when *there was no eye to pity —no hand to save.*—Then he pleaded in my behalf—came leaping over the mountains of my iniquities—drew me kindly out of that pit wherein is no water—placed my feet upon a rock—and put a new song into my mouth.

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This hour was my darkest---it was midnight—I was like the forlorn mariner, who without compass or light, or even one faint twinkling star, to guide him on his lonely, trackless way, gives up all for lost—and despairing of success, forsakes the management of his vessel to the merciless waves, in constant expectation of a watery grave—or like some poor criminal, through the blackness of his dungeon's grated window, in anxious, trembling gaze, longing for some pitying ray to cheer

his lonely sorrows ; or, awaiting the stroke of death, still hugging the faintest promise of reprieve.

Thus, mingled hope and fear alternately enwrapped my soul.——As yet all was dark!—the world a blank!—and I the most abject wretch that crawled upon its surface——"*When lo!——A light from heaven, broke in dazzling splendour thro' the gloom*—dispersed the clouds and shot its loveliest beams through all my powers. —I look'd—the current of my sorrows ceased to flow—the mountains disappeared—and all was peace and joy.

By faith I distinguished my adorable Saviour—felt the efficacy of his death and sufferings—and was warmed by the tide of salvation that overwhelmed my soul.—*I sunk, by dying love compelled, and owned him conqueror!*—With what a glow of fervent heat did I pant after the cooling brooks—and oh! how my enraptured bosom thrilled with divine ardour. —All around appeared to catch the pleasing joy, and partake the ecstatic theme!—Astonish'd at the influxion of glory, my vision was obscured to the sight of earthly objects, and the suburbs of paradise appeared in view. How soul-reviving the name of *Jesus!——how precious!——how*

musical!—My voice was tuned, and with the angelic throng I could fall down and adore. The blush of shame no longer veiled my features, and the throb of fear was hushed. If all my gay companions were there—yea, all the world—I felt as though I could acknowledge Jesus, and invite them to a participation of those pleasing sensations that were communicated in such rich abundance to my soul.

Behold the ransomed slave! See him restored to those privileges that give relish to the highest enjoyments man can possess!—See the fetters removed, while his happy spirit bounds with the delighted prospect of exalted liberty! like the fledged bird restored to its native air, claps its glad wings and soars aloft.

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Man detests, abhors slavery. No matter how pleasing his circumstances or accommodations—he will ever shrink from the iron fetter, nor willingly grovel, subjecting his time or talents to the infamy of degradation. It is a sure indication of a debased mind, when the chain galls not, and slavery excites no extraordinary effort to emancipate the object that groans beneath its accursed yoke.

See the soldier on the embattled plain —his spear now reeking with the blood of those who dared to violate his native home!—soaring with all the fire of conscious heroism, burning through his veins. —His heart throbbing with the enraptured plaudits of his country—and looking forward to an hour when liberty's blessed sound would swell the gale and gladden every breast with joy. Behold him when the strife is o'er, and victory's flush mantles every lineament of his form, retiring within the circle of domestic comfort, while his full orb'd eye now glistens with the tear of pleasure—gazing on that soil, where intermingled, sleep in peaceful slumbers, the ashes of his sire, just rescued from the tread of proud invaders.

What a picture!! Read his features!—Satisfaction! yea, even *happiness* illumes with her placid beams, the momentary scene. . . . . *But see!* the chaplet withers on his brow—the wreathed laurel, fading dies! . . . . . Where, then, are all his honours?—all the prowess of his arm, fast verging to the clodded dust. His name may live—his trophies call remembrance back—his victories be sounded by the trump of fame. Yet soon that blast, in trembling numbers will subside, as the

last re-echo of the vaulted marble—and with the busy hum of nature, hushed, retire to silent, lonely chaos.

What then? Are we not the basest slaves—the verriest cowards, to meanly crawl, and drag along a miserable existence in the worst of thraldom—our nobler powers subject to the dominion of hell's own, accursed lord, who triumphs over each wretched captive, with repeated and untoward insult?---tramples every high born, heaven directed sentiment---and lays prostrate all those energies that are capable, when exerted, (with divine assistance) to snatch the tyrant from that throne where he now rules, the sovereign lord of every motion.

Where then is liberty? . . . . . *Where then is freedom?* . . . . . Is it in all the fancied sublimity of the hero's deeds? . . . *No!** . . . . Reader, wouldst thou realize their true meaning? . . . . Wouldst thou learn to be wise? . . . . First leave thy insipid joys—thy vapid, tasteless pleasures ---those high swelling notions of ambition

* It is not my desire that the reader should understand me as if I were condemning true patriotism as it respects the emancipation of an individual or a country from the fetters of bondage, or the shackles of slavery.——God forbid.

---and close thy eyes upon the tarnished lustre that coalesces thy senses to this worthless scene.---No longer subservient to its vast demands, creep lowly to the couch of him whose tears, commixed with dew and earth, fall *prostrate, desolate and lorn*---or view him on the rugged wood, his flesh all torn and pierced, in mighty struggles, to redeem thy soul from hell, and purchase heaven. . . . See those drops of *crimson blood*, flowing in currents that empurple with their hue, e'en nature's charms, and cast a shade of sorrow o'er the brightness of the *Sun !!!*

I ask, then, where's thy relish for an earthly feast? and what's the decoration of this *Champion of the world?* . . . . . Shame on thee, sinner, and thy pride !--- Go learn a lesson of thy bleeding Lord ! and know, *the brightest star that gems the christian conqueror's crown, is* HUMBLE LOVE. . . . . Learn, then, to conquer---not the world, nor gain its transient smiles--- but to subdue what marks the greatest hero of them all---thy heart ! . . . Regain thy native soil above, where *pleasures never die*, and pant to wear a *crown that never fades.*

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But to return: I hastened from my chamber, although it was near midnight, as my first thoughts were, how shall I make my family partakers of that felicity ---that rich repast, of which I was conscious I had but received a taste. When I entered the room where they were, I communicated the pleasing tidings, and pressed upon their minds the anxious, longing desire I now felt, that they might unite with me in fervent prayer for the same blessing, and with me rejoice in the prospect of happiness in the realms of uncreated beauty. They willingly assented, and oh! how sweetly did my Redeemer teach me the true method of prayer, by indicting my petitions, and filling my mouth with arguments.

Soon afterwards, instead of going in pursuit of pleasure, I retired for the first time in my life to claim the promise—— "*For he hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.*" But here the adversary of my soul was busily employed---- dreading the loss of my services, and aware that the scriptures say, "*Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound,*" now called up some wicked angel, and commissioned him to disturb my slumbers.

I dreamed that I was enclosed in a

square room, where there was no door or way that invited my escape, and on looking round, beheld four terrific figures, with all the appearance of infernal malice marked in their features, holding a forked, fiery weapon in their hands, with which they threatened me, were I to proceed. I trembled excessively, while large drops of sweat trickled from every pore. I cried to heaven for help, which appeared to irritate them the more; and just as I was on the point of being sacrificed to their fury, I awoke, and behold it was a dream.

I cast a wistful eye upon the gleams of sunshine that now o'ertop'd the eastern hills, dispersing with their golden rays the exhalations of the midnight hour.----- How like the *Sun of Righteousness*, whose balmy wings expanded but the eve before, dispelled the gathering shadows that enwrapped my fate, and called me, like a Lazarus into life. * * * *

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See! the parch'd lip, now quivering over the brink of some refreshing brook ---it swells---the burning fever stops---the pulse recedes---joy gathers transport in the haggard face . . . . . When lo! just touched! the stream hies back, and lonely desert meets the ghastly eye.

Thus did I feel, when, starting from my couch, I found a wretched, dreary waste, and all my joys entombed within the *baseless fabric* of a visionary dream. Silent as death, I hastened towards the house of prayer. It was the Sabbath.---How many, thought I, are passed and fled, as *telltales* in the courts of *Heaven* . . . . . How lavish of his treasures, that indulgent Parent, whose unsparing hand bestows fresh blessings on the recreant, man!! Goodness like his, so long abused, extorted from my swelling bosom, sighs of anguish and regret—I was ready to exclaim, "*Was ever pain! was ever love like thine?*"—That moment I was enabled to believe, while perfect joy and peace possessed my soul.——I entered the house of worship, and, with an enthusiasm I call commendable, invited all to come and see---to feel and love. . . . . *How perceptible the change!!* . . . . . Now like the smooth surface of a lake, without one zephyr playing on its glassy bosom.

"Jesus, the name to sinners dear;
"The name to sinners given;
"It scatters all their guilty fear—
"It turns their hell to heaven."

After meeting, and whilst on my way home, though in the midst of winter, all nature wore a pleasing aspect. At breakfast, I could but sit, and wonder and adore . . . . I was fed with angel's food . . . . . lost in prayer---in praise---and thanksgiving.

My brother William, who had been from home the past week, and was unacquainted with my exercises of mind, appeared astonished at my manner and deportment, as I joined not in their conversation, but sat mutely meditating on the wonderful condescension of God, in rescuing me from the jaws of the devourer, and opening my heart to entertain a heaven-born guest.—As a suitable opportunity presented, I called him aside, and recounted o'er the dealings of God with me throughout life---my happiness now---and serious determination to serve him the remainder of my days---my willingness to relinquish the vanities of this terreous vale, and to live a life of holy devotedness, in the pleasing service of my kind benefactor and best friend---put him in remembrance of the last dying admonition of our deceased father, and exhorted him to fly to the strong holds for safety and protection---warned him of his danger

while out of Christ, and showed that it would be wisdom in him, although young, to prepare to meet his God. His heart began to melt with tenderness, and his eyes to gather tears. Thus encouraged, I entreated him to set out that moment ---pictured the benign disposition of my beloved Lord, who is ever willing to receive and hail with smiles of cordial welcome, the returning prodigal----requested the privilege of kneeling at his feet, there to offer up my prayers---my tears, and sighs in his behalf . . . . . He dropped upon his knees ! ! . . . . . *Reader*——"*Go thou and do likewise.*"——In a few days he was completely delivered from his burden, and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God.

This Sabbath was truly a foretaste of that eternal Sabbath prepared for the children of God, where an everlasting feast is spread, and joys unnumbered, emparadise the ceaseless round.

In the afternoon I attended a fellowship meeting, held in Gravel-Walk, and in the presence of a large multitude, was constrained to bear public testimony that God had power on earth to forgive sins. After I had related the particulars of my conversion, an aged minister rose up and cal-

led the attention of the congregation to the following remarkable occurrence which had transpired eleven years previous.

One evening, my father made him a visit, in company with me, (at that time but eight years old,) and after some general conversation, declared that lately he had been peculiarly favored in his approaches to a throne of mercy, and had received the most positive assurance, that at some future period, his son would be made the subject of converting grace.

What a pleasing tale to me!——How yet more highly did my gladdened heart rejoice, and fluttering, gasp to meet the God I loved, and mingle with that throng who now in concert join my father's happy spirit there, tune their glad harps in richest melody, to hail the stranger on his passage home, and echo that *the dead's alive.*

Is not this a lesson to those pious parents, whose eyelids oft have kept their wakeful vigils, while *uplifted——wrap'd in holy meditation*, they have called the blessings of their God on helpless childhood.....Does it not appeal to such, and whispering say, "*Ye shall reap if ye faint not.*" . . . . . But what language does it convey to those, who, inattentive

to the future welfare of their tender offspring, ne'er implore the light of heaven to shine upon their path—but see each golden moment, rich with blessings, flit along—unheeded—unimproved—forgetful of that day, when God will charge them with a crime which swells the mighty page above. . . . . Beware, then, lest they curse you in the regions of the damned—hiss you to the gates of hell—and gnash their teeth upon the foul destroyers of their peace, to all eternity !!!

Fathers! . . . . . *Mothers!* . . . . . Listen to the last archangel's trump!—whose blast, tremendous as the shock of worlds on worlds together rock'd, will rouse ye from your slumbering graves.—*Hark!!* . . . . *Reader!!* it will be thy summons.——Tell me——art thou prepar'd—thy accounts made up—the balance struck—and the long catalogue of thy crimes *blotted from Jehovah's quick remembrance?*

"I see the Judge enthron'd! the flaming guard!
The volume open'd! open'd every heart—
A sun-beam pointing out each secret tho't.
No pardon—intercession none!—Now past
The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea—to pain no pause, no bound!
Inexorable all, and all extreme."—*Young.*

Ere the meeting clos'd, a solemn thought found way to my heart, and awakened such feelings in my soul for those who were out of the *Ark of Safety*, and far from God, that my life appeared but a vapour in competition with the salvation of sinners. I lamented that so many of my days were spent in sin and folly—looked on them with an anxious wish that oblivion might cover them forever from my view—resolving to put forth every energy of body and soul, in that cause I had now espoused—and on my shield to inscribe this motto—"*Though I perish, yet will I trust in the Lord of Hosts, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.*"

That evening I became fully conscious of an inward call to preach the everlasting Gospel, and panted for that hour, when all earthly obstructions would be removed, and an opening made for me to go forth, and labour in the vineyard of my blessed Master.

I continued very punctual in my attendance on all religious meetings—and felt that "They that wait upon the Lord, shall renew their strength.—They shall mount up with wings, as eagles.—They shall run and not be weary.—They shall

walk and not faint." So pleasing were the hours that I thus devoted in the service of God, and so sweet was the communion I felt with the Father and the Son, by the Eternal Spirit, that I have since wondered how it was possible for me ever to leave the bleeding bosom of my Redeemer, or sacrifice such pure enjoyments, for the gew-gaw follies of this sublunary scene.

I faithfully warned sinners to fly to the wounds of Jesus—and made such energetic appeals to the consciences of many, that the tongue of censure became very busy to anathematise the "Young Enthusiast," as they were pleased to call me.—But the language of Paul suited well the frame of mind I then possessed: "None of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself; so that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

'Tis true, I had to wrestle with flesh and blood; but always came off more than conqueror, through him *who was my advocate before the throne of God*, and who regards the silent breathings of a sincere heart.

Often, when no opportunity was given me to gain the privacy of my chamber, have I tracked my solitary steps to a stable!——yes——there have I reflected on my infant Lord—and look'd the manger o'er—while tears have flowed in streams. —But they were tears of joy; such as angels gather, when upon the sacred embassage to man—"*Put thou my tears in thy bottle: Are they not in thy book?*"

At this time I felt a willingness to devote myself wholly to the service of heaven—to work in any capacity God should choose to allot me as my portion, while here on earth—and concluded that if he would prepare me for the important service of calling sinners to repentance, and that if I could but obtain his approbation, I would gladly undertake the sacred office, fully convinced that my own preparations, or any inherent qualifications I possesed, no matter how efficient or acceptable in the eyes of man, were of little consequence in his sight—human wisdom* being pronounced by the sacred writer, as "*foolishness with God.*"

* Human wisdom, unaccompanied and unadorned by the graces of the Gospel, can posses no excellence—no real good, in the estimation of unsullied beauty.—Yet, when attended by the unction;

Fearing, however, lest it was a temptation from the adversary—well assured of his cunning and crafty manner, when he hopes to seduce young converts from that path of duty, which "shines more perfect to the perfect day," and bring up some ignis fatuus to their imagination, whereby he may be enabled more readily to entangle their footsteps and lead them again into bondage. I therefore thought it prudent to apply for advice from one, of whose ability I was fully persuaded, and for whom I had the most exalted sentiments of esteem.

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or anointing of the Holy Ghost—and if duly appreciated by ministers thus privileged, with humble deference to the commands of heaven—their hearts flaming with love to God, and anxious desires for the extension of Christ's kingdom on earth—it will, with the union of all those auxiliary graces, be capable of giving more decided energy in all attacks made on the fortress of Satan's very strongest hold, and like the soldier, fully equipped—no part left without a covering—every lance will shiver on his burnished armour—every dart rebound.————Human wisdom in this way becomes divine, and is exactly suited to combat infidelity.————Here the house is divided against itself, and must inevitably fall. But after all, the mystery of the bible is "*God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty.*"

I explained my situation to him as clearly as possible—opened all my views concerning the work of the ministry—and requested his candid sentiments with regard to the solemn impressions made on my mind.

He seemed to think they were from God, and declared his opinion without reserve, that I should immediately ascertain the genius I was possessed of, and finally persuaded me to make a promise that I would officiate as a public speaker, in a place he would provide that evening.

At first I felt delighted with the proposal, but on mature deliberation, I was extremely agitated, particularly at the idea of standing up in a large assembly. But six weeks had elapsed since I became an acknowledged disciple of the Redeemer; and now, with the experience of a novice, to undertake the solemn office of a messenger from the sky—it was unwise.—Yet I did not refuse—and although tempted several times to faint by the way, I continued firm to my resolution of making one exertion in the cause of God.

With a heavy heart, I attended my appointment. While reading the hymn, my articulation became very tremulous.—I faltered—and after several attempts to

raise my voice, I found, when too late to hide my blushes, that I was incapable of sustaining the sacred character of a Minister of Jesus Christ; and, in much confusion, gave up the undertaking.

But few know the struggles of those who are designated by heaven, to bear about them the marks and tokens of their suffering master.

Do the proud—the gay, or frenzied suppliants at fashion's shrine, think of all those sorrows that surround that man who brings them the glad tiding of salvation?—No!—Could they but realize their awful situation—see the cloud that blackens o'er their heads—and feel the earthquake!—whose sound is rumbling beneath their feet, and shortly may enlarge, and wide extend that gulf, which ready waits to devour, and plunge them where no tide of joy will ever rush, nor ray of pity ever enter! . . . . . Oh! that God would wake the sinner from his sleep of death—that, by timely repentance, he might avert the threatening stroke of heaven's own arm, that now uplifted, nerv'd by justice, waits to fall in ponderous fury on his soul. . . . . Say not in thy heart———to-morrow.——Be more wise—and ere another hour, ground the weapons of your

rebellion, where the weeping Mary sat!! Reader! take warning! Let these lines speak to thy heart: "*Mark—learn—and inwardly digest.*" Then you will acknowledge, as did the writer of these pages, that there are solemn realities contained in the sacred records of unbiased truth, which will appear, written in letters of gold, "*In the Morning of the Resurrection,*" to applaud or condemn you to all eternity.

"Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
"At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
"Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world,
"And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n."

After meeting, I expressed much concern that I had given such a miserable display of my abilities, and almost felt persuaded that my impressions were not produced by the spirit of God.

My friend, perceiving that I was cast down and embarrassed in my mind, used every method to encourage and inspire me with a faint gleam of hope, that the day was not very far distant, when I might be of some service to the children of men—yet felt alarmed, lest, when called to minister in holy things, I might mistake the true method of winning souls, and consequently be driven on those rocks

where numbers had already been shipwrecked.—Never, said he, make it your study to please or gratify carnal minds, "*Because the carnal mind is enmity against God*," for it is their wish to have that kind of preaching which is not calculated to touch the feelings, or reach the heart.—Seek for the approbation of heaven and your own conscience.—Make the salvation of immortal souls, and their eternal welfare, your primary object, and in all your addresses, whether in public or private, let "*Jesus Christ and him crucified*," be your principal theme.

These simple, yet sublime lessons remain to this hour printed deeply on my heart, and I trust will never be obliterated.

How true——even apostolic preaching roused the enemies of the cross, when first that dawn uprose from terror's night to introduce fair Bethlehem's happy sun, whose blessed beams in radiant glory now wide extended, pour a blaze of gospel sunshine to refresh the earth, and ripen all the fields for *future harvest*, when glad MILLENIUM will be ushered in with shouts of universal joy, and heaven's own blissful *hallelujahs!!*

See the sainted Stephen standing forth to declare his hallowed message!——Be-

hold the sacred flame that kindles as he speaks.—No flattery there, but truth in all her native beauty drest.

> "Truth ever points her weapons sharp,
> And barbs them too."

His sermon cuts the guilty rebel to the heart—the arrows are of heaven's own workmanship, directed by the steady hand of Him whose promise is "*So shall my word be, that goeth forth out of my mouth, it shall not return unto me void.*"——They enter.———No human power can draw them hence, or salve the wound. . . . . Omnipotence alone, the mighty office can perform. But mark——*they gnash their teeth upon him*, with malignant fury——long to immolate the blessed image of that Saviour, whose blood as yet, perhaps, enstains their cursed hands.—What deep-rooted malice.—And then they *run upon him*—pour their heated vengeance on his meek, devoted head—embrue their hands in martyred innocence—while Peace and Pity, Love and Hope hover sweetly there, and angels ready stand to waft his happy spirit where no furious anger dwells——where hearts can sigh no more, and where the brutal rage of man ne'er enters, to

disturb the happy home of Eden's *peaceful palace.*

On my return home, I began to muse on the work of the ministry—the awful responsibility of an ambassador of Jesus Christ—and the careless indifference that appeared to prevail among those who stood between the living God, and dead sinners. Where is the man whose preaching will bear the touch-stone of divine justice—or, when the *Mirror of Truth* is held up, will not descry traces of deformity in that which hitherto fed his vain glorious desires.

How many individuals who have acknowledged that a supernatural call has been the most prominent inducement in stimulating them to take the solemn charge of *Sion's Gate*, and as wistful watchmen there, to blow the blast when danger's nigh—have forfeited their title to a place in heaven—like the followers of our Lord, who, in the hour of sore and exquisite anguish, slept! unconscious of the perils that awaited him who had called them, not to sleep and take their ease, but to "*watch and pray.*" Will such, when death appears and opes his ghastly arms, to carry them from earth to judgment, perish in the field, as did that special her-

ald, Paul, who, covered with the blooming laurels that are pluck'd from Lebanon's tree, exclaimed!! with all the triumph of a conquering hero, "*I have fought a good fight—I have finished my course—I have kept the faith.*"

Some preach to fill their own coffers with earthly treasures; not the hearts of their hearers with the treasures of a Saviour's love. Another class are afraid of the odium that the world would cast on them, were they faithfully to discriminate between saint and sinner, and pourtray in their manner, that fervour, earnestness and devotion, which the sacred oracles of divine inspiration fully warrant ——Unlike their blessed master, whose bright examples they pretend to follow, *they please man rather than God*, and have not, as yet so learned Christ, as to be willing to suffer with him here, so that they may be fitted to reign with him in endless felicity. The consequence is, their congregations are pleased—no apparent reformation takes place within their charge—calm tranquility appears to reign unrivalled in every bosom.—Deceitful calm—unwatchful helmsmen—unseen rocks—gathering storms—frightful hurricanes—numerous shoals, all around appear!!——Yet no disquietude

within.—The ship's company are carousing—the captain slumbers—the sea boy is drowsy.——When lo ! ! ! one fatal, rude, o'erwhelming billow precipitates the vessel, with its careless inmates, down the frightful, yawning abyss ! ! . . . . . How changed the scene !—the waters meet again, and, as before, all nature seems the same. . . . . Reader !—my pulse recedes —and as I write, I see thee on the wreck ——I stretch my arms—bid thee come—— hold forth a plank to save thee from the mountain's swell.——But alas ! I see thee struggle—fainter grows the last expiring throb—till exhausted, drowning and undone, I see thee sink to rise no more !

Are ministers then called to hush their people into soft and pleasing *lullabies ?* Is there no alarming *voice* in all the pages of that book from whence they draw their every weapon ? or, is popular opinion, ever varying with the breeze, the only guide they follow ? Mean subterfuge—flimsy covering, that the hand of dread *eternity* will snatch away. Where is that man, whose only business is preaching the gospel, in the fullest and most extended sense of the word, warning every man, *so that he "may present every man perfect in*

Christ Jesus, who knowing the terrors of the Lord, persuade men?"

Whither! ah, whither will the daubing, servile sycophant flee to at the last day?—those unfaithful watchmen—when God, who now reads each secret motive, and discerns the moving spring of every action, will summon them to his *flaming bar*, where their gaudy, specious sermons, all tinselled o'er to please the taste or fancy, will be examined with that eye whose scrutinizing glance can penetrate each close recess, and call each hidden work to light—blasting all apparent beauty, and unfolding to the gaze of millions, deep hypocrisy written on the front of all those boasted charms, where no real bliss can now be found.

What! trifling with never-dying, everduring immortals!—Struck with amazement at the presumption—the known iniquity of such characters, I shrunk within myself, and trembled, lest such wretched traits might yet be discovered in that wish which urged me to pursue a calling pregnant with so many dangers.

Thus my mind received an extraordinary impression, such an one as no person could realize but myself; therefore, there were none capable of judging my actions,

or fixing any principle for me to adopt, or plan for me to proceed upon. In secret prayer, for

"Prayer ardent opens heaven, and
"Lets down a stream of light into the soul,"

I sought for guidance and help of him, who has declared, "*If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not.*" My petition was, Oh, Lord, furnish me with divine armour, that like as a brand, whose flame has been received from that fire which burns on the altar of the great I AM, I might go forth, spreading death, destruction and dismay through the camp of him who defies the armies of the living GOD!

Oh! how I panted to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, and warn my fellow mortals of their danger: but many were my obstructions to this honourable employment. I was encrusted with the world, and could not conceive it my duty to leave my mother, while all my christian friends exhorted me to wait the openings of divine providence.

About this time, the Revival in Dublin became very general, and through the instrumentality of the soldier, many were added to the church militant below, and Sion's prospects were very flattering.

With several young men to whom I was particularly attached, and who were candidates for the ministry, I went to visit those places where there had been, as yet, no spiritual preaching,* and commenced exhorting with more probability of success than I could have reasonably expected—entering into every open door, and, with all the simplicity of a child, as yet unlearned in the deep things of God, tenderly admonished, and warmly invited, the outcasts "*to know the day of their visitation*," and become the happy recipients of pardoning mercy.

At the approach of autumn, about six months after my conversion, I was deprived of the ministerial labours and interesting company of the soldier, who was

* The author does not pretend to say his preaching was more spiritual than that of others; but he has a particular reference to places where Popery had previously ruled her votaries with a rod of iron, and had precluded all who were enlightened by the spirit of God, from disseminating these pure and simple doctrines of the gospel, which were inculcated originally by Jesus Christ and his followers, and consequently exposing those errors that are acknowledged by men of sound piety, to be so inimical to the cause of true and undefiled religion. "*I will not give my glory to another, nor my praise to graven images.*"

called to join his regiment, then in the south of Ireland. I esteemed him highly, not only for his works' sake, but for the inestimable qualities of his mind, which would have graced his colonel, or reflected honour to a prince.

How true the lines of Gray:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
"And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

I knew he loved my soul, and I respected him for his candour, and that disinterested friendship which prompted him to go out into the highways and hedges, and call the *maimed, the halt, and the blind,* to the supper of his Lord, and with the most unremitting labour, to devote every hour, when absent from his duty, (which was very laborious) to pluck sinners as brands from the eternal burning.

He was a stranger to me and my family, nor did I ever know his friends or connexions,* but my bosom had a recommendation within, engraven on my heart, that spoke in accents full of kind solicitude, and bade me revere that man who was willing to be despised. Many were his sorrows—many were his enemies; but it was

* They resided in Scotland, and he had been but a short time in Ireland.

a pleasing gratification to me, that of being ranked as one of his most firm and steady friends; conceiving myself honoured by the apellation; and although he could boast of no external beauties—no brilliant advantages—yet he possessed a jewel of so rich a colour, that I have no doubt he will be found among that happy number, whom God will acknowledge as deserving a crown of immortal life, when he comes to judge the world in righteousness. "They shall be mine saith the Lord of hosts, in that day that I make up my jewels."

A few days after his departure, one of my brethren called on me with intelligence of a very pleasing and soul-reviving nature. He had been offered a spacious room in a central situation, for the purpose of holding meetings in it twice each week, and invited me to attend one that evening. I was so pleased with the proposal that I immediately assented, and accompanied him to the place. He had previously visited every house contiguous, and had given public notice of our intentions.

A considerable number in and around the vicinity attended. Much solemnity rested on the congregation, and we had

reason to hope that good was done through the means we had adopted to obtain an audience.

I continued to labour in this place for some time, and was enabled to rely on the promises of Jehovah, who did not forsake me in the hour of danger, nor desert me in any moment of severe distress.

None of these proceedings were countenanced by the official members in the Methodist Society, as my range, or field of operation appeared to be contradistinguished from what they had heretofore a knowledge of, and as I moved out of that sphere which was considered by them as most likely to be conducive to the general interests of society. However, their prejudices were not of a persecuting nature, nor did they oppose me in that manner which I had at first anticipated.

I was now like the young soldier, unused to fatigue, and unacquainted with the hardships of a long protracted war—easily alarmed at the appearance of an enemy—and trembling, lest in the hour when trumpets blow the blast that sounds to arms, I might faint, and bring disgrace upon the noble cause I had enlisted in.—But the word of God, enriched with martial enterprizes, victories, and spreading

conquests, performed by the superior skill and infinite wisdom of Prince Emanuel, to whom I had now sworn allegiance, invigorated my mind, and gave ability and strength to my arm—enabling me to lift up the standard of the cross, and wield the sword of the spirit.

The advice of many, who, I believe, acted from pure motives, and with a desire to profit me, was, that as I had no real proof of the validity of my call to be a preacher of the gospel, I should change my conduct, which now appeared so strange, wild, and inconsistent—be satisfied to live as a private member in the church of Christ, and never more enter upon engagements that embittered all my social enjoyments, and drew forth the aspersions of my best friends.

But all their admonitions had no lasting effect on my mind.—A throne of grace was the receptacle where I deposited my cares, pouring out all my complaints into the compasionate bosom of my heavenly Parent, and imploring his protection and favour, which is better than life.

One Sabbath morning it was strongly impressed on my mind to follow the example of the venerable Whitfield, and go out in the open fields, with heaven's own

canopy, the blue expanse, to shield me, and inquire in the language of soft commiseration, "*Why will ye die, oh! house of Israel?*" The cross was of no small magnitude, yet I thought it my duty to bear it, and confirm the opinion that was now generally received, that I would ere long desert my worldly prospects—break those ties that bound me to my native home—and carry the glad tidings of the gospel to a foreign land.

The place which first attracted my attention, as one very appropriate, and well adapted for the purpose of gaining a crouded assembly, was situated two miles from the city, on a very verdant, spacious green, fronting a number of beautiful summer cotages, formerly the scene of happy childhood and many a sportive hour of joyous festivity. The name well accorded to the situation—Mount Pleasant. —There, on the very spot I had oft reclined, or, in playful simplicity, gathered wild flowers from its fragrant bosom, and wove them in a chaplet to decorate my brow. There I first tried, as did the veterans that were gone before, "*to cry aloud and spare not,*" and as the prophet continues, "Lift up thy voice like a trum-

pet and show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins."

There were a number who engaged to deter me from proceeding, by throwing stones, and giving some interruption to the exercises by abusive language: but I sustained no injury whatever, and retired, feeling an assurance within, that my "*labour would not be in vain in the Lord.*"

On the following day I was in a very loving manner reproved by an intimate friend, for going out in that irregular, unauthorised way, without permission or license—requesting me to give up those very original notions that, he was afraid, I had imbibed from a corrupt source—telling me that it was generally considered by men of sense and judgment, I was incapable of being an instructer or teacher in the church of God; my extreme youth, and but a few months experience in divine things, militating, in a great measure, against me.

I was open to conviction, and felt willing to adhere to this advice.—It was given kindly, and I received it with every due mark of regard.——But I was critically situated—the impressions I had to go out and forsake all, were so oppressive —so weighty, that at times I almost real-

ized the wo hanging over my head.——I therefore felt afraid to promise, lest the very next day, I would be impelled by a power greater than man, to fly into the field unprepared, unskilful; and like Jeremiah, I cried out, "Ah! Lord! behold, I cannot speak, for I am a child!"

Puzzled to find the right path, I was not, as yet, fully competent to judge of the purity, wisdom, or goodness of that advice, or those daily admonitions which were so liberally bestowed on me by all ranks—without was fighting—within were fears.——Still I clung to the promises—those very strong holds, where there are canopies overspread, to screen from the heat of persecution, and safe hiding places to secure the soul from approaching danger: "For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me."

God has, in all ages, been faithful to his word, and has declared that "he is the same unchangeable being, *yesterday, to-day and forever.* If we are but willing, therefore, to patiently endure those privations which are intended by him for our spiritual and eternal welfare, and be resigned, with dignified composure, under all afflictions, inseparable from mortality, he will

assuredly, yea, suddenly, appear with healing under his wings, and gild our rugged way with summer's opening bloom, and smooth the thorny path of pilgrims in their course to heaven.

My enemies seemed to triumph, when they recognized the languor and depression of spirit that at this time nearly overpowered my senses; but I could join the minstrel of the sky, and say, "Why art "thou cast down, oh! my soul; and why "art thou disquieted within me? Hope "thou in God; for I shall yet praise him "for the help of his countenance."

I received a letter from a Methodist Preacher,* one for whom I had contracted the most unalterable friendship and sincere regard, and of whose reciprocal attachment and warmth of feeling, I was well assured. So congenial were our sentiments, that from our first interview, which was at a time my heart felt softened through the change wrought internally by the spirit of God, we became attached to each other, and firmly united in the hallowed bonds of christian fellowship.

He invited me to meet him in Bally-

* His name was Arthur Noble, then travelling in concert with that celebrated Irish Missionary, Gideon Ousley.

mena, and that he would expect me to travel with him for some time on his missionary route, which was very extensive. His manner of writing was so earnest and expressive, mingled with so much love and holy zeal, that my heart echoed back each word, and bounded at the happy tidings.—Joy sprung up, and Hope gaily fluttered o'er my grateful bosom.—I was anxious to go, as did my master's first servant, "*without scrip for my journey.*"

"Happy, if with my latest breath
"I may but gasp his name;
"Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold! behold the Lamb!"

Alas! what short sighted mortals.——When I reflect upon my feelings at that moment—when I recal the flattering prospects that enamelled every side, and all the picturesque beauty of those scenes which then met my eager eye, I lose myself in those gardens of pleasure and bowers of ease, which were so richly painted by fancy and variegated by the hues of morning's placid dawn. How am I bewildered—lost in the mazes of uncertainty, I examine each winding in life!—How varied are its paths—how complex the character of man!—How little do we estimate the cup of human sorrows—how lit-

tle do we appreciate its blessings.—With what force do those minutia croud the brain, and how closely does this world unite itself with our nature. I meet the hours that are flown—long past and gone! No thorns were then strewed upon my pillow—no midnight intruder sought to unseal my slumbering eyes, or steal the guarded treasure. Soft repose that rested on my bosom, peaceful shaded my native home. I had not then wandered from her faithful breast; and dear indeed was that enlightened friend in whose heart I had been fondly nourished—dearer still that smile whose very beam was sunshine to my soul.

"Do you my friends, but now and then
"Send a wish, a thought after me;
"Oh! tell me I have yet a friend,
"Though a friend I am ne'er to see."

But I had forgotten my mother's permission was necessary; and what means to adopt that might influence her mind or gain her approbation, was of the first importance, as disobedience was a crime I had justly abhorred. and one that I had not as yet been guilty of. After some preliminaries, which were of a nature that might induce her to think more favourably of my mission, and operate on her

mind in such a way as would lead her the more readily to comply with my wishes, I ventured to introduce the subject that lay nearest to my heart, and expatiated on the benefits that would eventually accrue to me in this world and in the next, was I but to relinquish all my secular employments, and join the missionaries in their tour to those regions where darkness, superstition's veil, as yet precluded gospel light from piercing through its gloomy folds.

But all my arguments were insufficient to gain her admission even of the reality of my call, nor could she see why it was that my mind was so strangely and imperceptibly wrought upon; adding, that it was no other than the vivid glare of some distant phantom that floated in my youthful imagination.

I had not, as yet, arrived at an age when the shackles of a parent are loosed from off the child, and consequently I was obliged to be amenable to the commands of my father's will, which expressly declared, that until riper years, his children should consider themselves bound to respect and follow the advice of their widowed mother. I was of necessity rendered incapable of acting with that de-

cision which so eminently distinguished the Deliverer of God's chosen people, the Jews, nor could I consistently declare myself an outlaw and a rebel, thereby forfeiting all claim to the protection or favour of one of the very best of mothers —one who was entitled to every mark of kindness, esteem, and love, from all the individuals that composed her family.— I may truly exclaim, "*I shall never look upon her like again.*"

But I found it difficult to attain that degree of perfection recommended by the apostle Paul, as an essential to all who are genuine desciples of Christ, and without which we are deceiving our own selves, and vilifying the sacred character of christian. "Be careful for nothing; "but in every thing by prayer and suppli- "cation with thanksgiving let your re- "quests be made known unto God."

Reader! hast thou not seen the pale and ghastly form of some poor starving wretch—read in each feature, want, despair and misery—pictured to your view his lowly hovel; no warmth nor covering there—not even one solitary friend to pour the wine of consolation in his heart, or wipe those straggling drops of humid dew that trickle down his feverish forehead.

Hast thou beheld his downcast eye, whose lustre long has fled, and now is hung with curtained wo—beheld the clammy hand stretch'd out, and heard him, with a voice grown weak with cold and hunger, falter out a prayer to heaven in your behalf; adding, with a look of melting anguish, while the stifled sob just rises, swells, returns, I have children! and a fond, long cherished wife, without the means, the prospect, or the hope of future nourishment. 'Tis enough, pity has warmed thy heart.—One hand puts the stream aside, and brushes off that tribute nature loves to pay when shivering want complains, or virtue, lonely, pines; the other gently draws the faded purse to light; that silent witness to those hours its master has oft spent in sweet condolence, and from whose recess he oft has drawn what lights the poor man's home with joy. Thy mind without a spot to dim its snowy mantle, full of native, pure benevolence; a glow of sacred rapture creeps through every pulse of life, as involuntarily you bid him stay: when see!—your last—your only shilling meets your glance.——Thought precipitates full from its former height, the past, in all bland and gayest forms to

view—when friends; when home; when affluence were yours.

> You look again—when lo! you're friendless too,
> Nor have a home to guide the stranger to.

You turn away, and on the spot deposit all you have——a tear!

Thus did I view the situation of that part of Adam's posterity, who were, as yet unsheltered, and without a covering to shield them from the dreaded storm of stern *eternity!* I knew its rage, no power, save omnipotence alone, could meliorate; or the rigour of that law could soften, which condemns the unprepared, unfitted sinner, to endure the pangs of unalterable woe—"where the smoke of their "torments ascendeth up for ever and ever, "and they have no rest, day nor night." My arms were extended, as if to bid them come—my heart whispered, "Here am I, Lord,"——send me to earth's remotest bounds!—But alas! in vain!——I could but silently regret my want of ability to go and succour distressed, yet heedless man: and were it not for Hope, that sweet consoler of our sorrows, I would have given the port of bliss forever up, and spread my sails to where the roaring

billows lead, down the trackless steeps of black perdition.

Hope! fond inhabitant of human hearts,
That lingers to the last, and ne'er departs—
But playing round the dying lamp, inspires
A feeble ray, 'till life herself expires.

My fervent prayers had been answered —but here I staggered by reason of unbelief, and for a length of time was withheld from even a distant promise of ever entering the celestial city.

Having some business that demanded my presence in the town of Drogheda, twenty-three miles from the city of Dublin, I sat out about this time for that place: but ere I departed, there were solemn injunctions laid on me by my friends not to join or visit the missionaries, whose district extended within a short distance of that town; and that though I had already promised my mother to return when my business was transacted; yet they feared, lest an undue influence might be used over my mind, to persuade me to swerve from duty.

On my way I stopped at a small village, called Swords, within seven miles of the city, inhabited chiefly by Roman Catholics, and these so bigoted and superstitious, that it was generally consider-

ed and strictly enforced by their teachers, that they could not commit a more heinour crime than that of being found in attendance on any other worship than their own.

There is in this place an aged Monastery, the ruins of which are very extensive, exhibiting a true picture of the dissolving nature of those mighty fabrics, which once presented buildings of gigantic strength, and apparently mocked the fretting hand of busy time to strip them of their beauty. The sculpture is rude, and very little remains of its former grandeur. The only cement that now preserves it from utter decay, is the fond ivy that binds its falling towers, and links its moss grown walls together.

The inhabitants are in general very poor and ignorant, except a few families, who are of a more enlightened and liberal complexion.

I received no encouragement whatever, in the town; but found a house already prepared and ready to receive me, in its suburbs; and that same evening invited all who would consider it a privilege, to attend; purposing, in the fear of God, to address them on the subject of religion. Impelled by curiosity, a motive that has

ever stimulated the children of men, at times, to step over those barriers that tradition or prejudice has fixed, and thought hitherto impregnable, many of the Roman Catholics crept, with seeming reluctance, to the threshold of the door; fearing to approach within sight, lest their pastor might receive intelligence of their presumption, and inflict a severe penance on them for disobedience. But the consequence was of a very serious nature, and, but for the interposition of a watchful Providence, would have proved fatal, both to me and the kind family who were so willing to open their doors and hearts to receive the word. And a audience construed an expression* I [illegible] but of [illegible] prayer, as one that reflected [illegible] reproach on their religion, and, [illegible] to town, collected a number of their associates for the purpose of destroying the "*Young Heretic*," and firing the house, with its inmates, who had been so unfortunate in admitting a Methodist within their territories.

After they had broken all the windows,

* The purport of the expression was, "That God might open their eyes, and send a pure flame from off his altar, to purify their souls from dead works, and burn up all the tinsel and dross of their idolatrous worship.

and committed other acts of violence, they waited for some time, consulting what would be the best method to adopt for the purpose of getting me into their hands. But that God who shut the lion's mouth—even Daniel's God, abated their rage, and put his hook into their jaws.

Before midnight they peaceably retired, while our hearts were lifted up in fervent prayer, and our faith was in strong exercise; expecting to be delivered by him who is the Captain of our salvation, and who has declared "he will lay low the "haughtiness of the terrible"

On the following morning I rode nine miles, to the town of Balbrig[illegible] one of more consequence and more [illegible]ave than that of Swords.

Here there had [illegible] good society, and much spirituality had existed among its members.——But, alas! they were fast decaying—*Fine gold had already become dim, and the wine mixed with water.*

The town itself is regular, with some degree of elegance in the construction of its buildings; but the unhappy circumstances that its inhabitants labour under, have depressed its manufactures and cramped its trade.

There is a diversity of feeling and a

disunion of sentiment that generally prevails throughout Ireland, arising principally from those sparks of jealousy, not yet extinguished, that exist in the minds of those who are precluded from filling any respectable station in the state or war departments. There are other sparks that lurk unseen, produced by the many internal struggles, that, from time almost immemorial, have deluged this fertile soil with blood that has received its warmth and nourishment from her own bosom.—At times there is a peaceful calm, that almost lulls the inhabitants into forgetfulness: but it is the surest prelude of commotion, and the certain token that rebellion slumbers but to rouse, hydra like, and with many poisoned daggers in her train, to scatter death and ruin in her strides.—Unhappy country! . . . . Yet Eden could scarcely boast of a more salubrious clime or a more fertile soil. . . . . Like as the golden flower on India's banks, whose perfume creeps along the breeze—a worm riots at its root, and silently, yet surely works; and though it long may canker there, its hour will soon or late arrive.

It fades; it droops; it dies!
And sinking, prostrate lies.

I held a meeting in this place, and was received with much civility and attention. The congregation was solemn, and my soul was much refreshed by the dew of heaven.

From thence I rode to an obscure village, composed chiefly of fishermen, whose only means of support arise from what ray or ling they are enabled to procure during the summer months, which, in the best of seasons, is but a precarious livelihood; and who risk their lives almost every time they embark in their frail vessels, in consequence of their exposed situation along the shore, and the many hidden reefs with which it abounds. It is truly a solitary place; spotted with mud cabins and miserable huts; distinguished for nothing remarkable but its fishery.

No doubt the American traveller would gaze in wonder and astonishment, were he to visit the town of Skerrys.—Scarcely a house that does not contain the bereaved mother or lonely widow, while the fierce surf is continually throwing up the lifeless corpse of some poor shipwrecked seaman on the whitened beach, that stretches its sandy arms in stern defiance, along the shore.

Storms are frequent, and doleful is the

sound of howling winds and scattering spray. A large Inn meets your eye on entering, which is the only house of any real importance there. Without the town a palace rears its proud, majestic turrets—the seat of nobility.

I visited several families with whom I was well pleased. Their manners were unaffected and simple, without any appearance of vulgarity. In the evening we had quite an interesting season, while I related my experience to a few who had assembled for that purpose; and after I had conversed with others who were under concern of mind, I returned to Balbriggen, and next morning proceeded on my route to Drogheda, and arrived in that place at noon.

This town contains a number of very respectable families, and is considered a place of much commercial interest. It is governed by a Mayor and Aldermen, with a police establishment to preserve order and quietness in the country adjacent.—There are some remains of ancient splendour, but not sufficient to call up the attention of an observing mind, nor is there that variety which would attract the immediate notice of a stranger. The inhabitants are hospitable, well informed,

and very praiseworthy for the manner they conduct towards foreigners. Nothing very special occurred while I remained in this town, which was but three days.

Notwithstanding my promise, I now felt it my duty to obey God rather than man; and were it not that I was untutored in the ways of the world, and but a novice in the ministry, I would have deserted all the advantages this life could afford or hold out as a lure to keep me chained to its ensnaring charms, and that moment would have flown to join the armies of the church militant below. However, I rejected the proposal, made, no doubt, through the agency of God's holy spirit; yet convinced, that in all probability such a glorious privilege would never be mine again!—What blind credulity!! I therefore tried to hush the murmurs of conscience, and set out on my return to the city; not aware that afflictions, both of body and mind, awaited me, as a just reward for my disobedience to the heavenly vision.

Here permit me to warn all those who have received indubitable proofs of their call being of God, to beware how they tread my footsteps. Worldly prudence will ever be found armed and engaged to

oppose the simplicity of that Gospel which the Saviour has instituted, and which is given to make us wise unto salvation, and has been evidently a medium through which the enemy of mankind has introduced a spirit of apathy and cold indifference that prevails in a greater or less degree throughout the christian world.—— Worshipping assemblies are convened and dismissed without one spark of true devotion being enkindled in the breasts of those who attend as regular as returning Sabbaths smile and call them to the house of prayer.—" When you come to appear be- " fore me—who hath required this at your " hand, to tread my courts ?" The atmosphere they breathe becomes heavy with humid dews and earth-born exhalations, dimming the lustre of those graces, which, under more favourable auspices, would shine in all their pristine excellence and glory. The Evangelist who was banished to the isle of Patmos, transmitted to the churches in Asia, a solemn charge, and prophesied, or rather forewarned them of their danger. What serious matter is contained in the words of Him *who is the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God.* " I know thy works that thou art neither cold

nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot."

What!! . . . Cold and lukewarm in the affairs of heaven!—hell!—and eternity!! Man is mad!!——is blindfolded!!—— lost in the shadows of night!!!——— yet prides himself on his vast acquirements—his consummate wisdom and profound philosophy—sits like the incautious bird on the verdant branch, whose melifluous notes invite the wary fowler to aim the deadly weapon, and mark him for his prey.

Oh! man! Immortal man! Infinite, unexhausted love hath suffered to redeem thee from an endless curse.—"Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee." Oh! professing christians! A name to live, and yet be dead, will never answer. God declares he has not found *thy works perfect before him*!—yea, more, he calls upon you to "be watchful and to strengthen the things that remain, and are ready to die." How warm!—how persevering as to the things of this life. No coldness —no frozen indifference is perceptible with regard to the concerns of time.—— Let God's own word rouse thee from thy slumber: "So then, because thou art

lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."

Had I but listened attentively to the voice of Him who was once crucified and slain, but is now highly exalted in heaven, there to reign until all his enemies are subdued; and whose prerogative it is to delegate ambassadors, with full powers to offer salvation through the blood of atonement, to lost man, I might have been made the happy instrument of rescuing many of my wretched countrymen from the grossest superstition that ever shaded the minds of rational beings. But, led by a wish to please all, I gratified neither myself nor others; and, not sensible of what I was preparing for my future hours, called forth the anger of Almighty God to scourge the ungrateful rebel that would not be amenable to his divine statutes. Here I lost the direct road —stepped aside out of the king's highway, and starting into unknown paths—at times returning to my duty. But the warning voice of the Redeemer was forgotten: "Take heed lest the light which is in thee be darkness." The light I had received—that influxion of glory—that manifestation of the spirit and power of God, became clouded with the sable

mantle of night, through the sin I had committed; and his providence appeared from this moment to forsake me. But, wondrous condescension! Hardness of heart did not ensue, nor a total deprivation of light, or suspension of those graces that constitute the happiness of Christ's followers.

After this period, I never looked back on the transactions I have just related, without a heavy sigh; and at times the retrospective glance caused shame and sorrow both to meet, and bade me mourn my want of courage and heroism in the cause of God.

> "'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
> And ask them what report they bore to heaven."

Once more I arrived in that city where luxury, folly, and dissipation, with every species of vice, triumphant soar, and mock the iron hand of justice to suppress their violence, or soften the influence of their increasing growth. There, amidst the continued bustle of a busy multitude, plodding on their way to ruin—a speckled bird amid the throng of fluttering thousands, where there were none who knew what was passing in my breast, and but

few who cared for the souls of a perishing world.

Meanwhile I felt, sensibly, that I was but a bruised reed, and like Sampson, when shorn of his strength, found that the arm of flesh was insufficient alone to stem the torrent of persecution, or to pull down the pillars of old satan's kingdom.

I was now trammeled and circumscribed in my operations; but that fond desire which I had imbibed to preach the gospel had not as yet become extinct, but grew closer to my soul, and even in my nightly dreams called on me to go into all the world and carry the glad tidings from pole to pole.

In a few weeks I again attempted street preaching, and although the experiment was dangerous in the extreme, by reason of the fearless and implacable disposition of the lower classes of society, who are early taught to despise, and consequently disturb such meetings, by every possible insult and barbarity: Yet this consideration was not sufficient to deter me from proceeding to my appointment; firmly believing that God had crowned the labours of his servants in former times, when they had gone out in a similar way to seek in the lanes and streets of the ci-

ty, "*the maimed, the halt, and the blind,*" and invite them to the marriage supper of the Lamb. There are many objections suggested to this plan of proceeding; but I have never known one that could be called unanswerable. The reasonings of the unconverted are as shallow and as futile as those of Nicodemus, the ruler of the Jews, who asked our Lord, with signs of amazement in his manner, "How can these things be? We know not.—But I would presume to answer, thus: If one soul can be arrested, and eventually saved, from the confines of black despair, through the instrumentality of street preaching—to be presented as a trophy in the regions of love; will not this thought wholly compensate for that labour, or those slanderous reports, which are continually on the wing to blast the character or vilify the reputation of men who take their lives in their hands, and like true christian warriors, intrepid, plant the colours of their king where the enemy boasts of conquest, and talks defiance to the hosts of heaven. If it is a warfare, every step contended by the fiends of hell; and all prepared beneath to urge us from our purpose—if the forces of the pit, combined with those who, clothed in friendship's garb, conceal

a sting whose very touch is poison: If all these united, form a mighty army to throw obstructions in our passage to the Canaan of Repose; show me the man who can gain the victory if he yields! and see! what spoils the heroes of the cross will gather, when "the elements "shall melt with fervent heat, and the "earth and all the things therein shall be "burned up." Let us not, therefore, *labour for that which satisfieth not*, but, with the independence and magnanimity of a *Washington*, a name sacred, and ever to be revered, perform our duty to God, and to our country; and never, through cowardice or pusillanimity, desert those troops who are contending for victory over *the beast;* and who, if they are steadfast, shall overcome their enemies, and be admitted into the *midst of the paradise of God*, there to eat of the tree of life, and rest forever.

At this time, a circumstance occurred, which opened the batteries of the enemy on every side, and I could say all men forsook me, and every hand was raised to crush and immolate me. I heard that one of our sisters, who had but lately experienced religion, was placed in an unpleasant situation. Her brother had inti-

mated that he would give a ball; and, as he was a single man, she should do the honors of his house and table. Dancing had been her favorite amusement, and she now feared lest she might be so far persuaded by her gay companions, as to mix in their company and partake of their sinful pleasures.

She asked my advice, and I could see no way for her to avoid being one of the party; but bid her be of good cheer, as it was impressed on my mind to attend, could she but obtain an invitation from her brother, purposing to go in as concealed a manner as possible, that none of the company might suspect my intention.

I accordingly, after due preparation, entered the ball room, and seated myself in a corner where I could observe all who were present. I waited for some time before I could summon up fortitude to proceed upon the plan I had fixed on, as the most proper to adopt in the critical situation I was placed in.

When the dancing commenced, I was strongly tempted to retreat, but durst not. After a length of time had elapsed, during which I was perplexed with a confusion of ideas, the master of the house approached, and inquired if he should pre-

sent me with a partner; and wished to know if I would join in the dance, just then proposed. I rose from my seat, and permitted him to introduce a lady to me who had been disengaged during the fore part of the evening. This was a moment of peculiar interest! I looked on the assembly—and the days of festivity, when I was capable of enjoying such a sprightly scene, flashed across my mind.—I was held for an instant in suspense——my tongue refused utterance, and my whole system became agitated. The blood ran from my heart to my brain, and back again in quick succession. I was roused from my stupor by the voice of the lady, "shall we lead off the dance?"—and not sensible of what she alluded to, I answered, yes—and was led by her to the head of the room. The die was cast! and now what must be done! Already the merry sounds of music trill upon my ear—all is at stake! and with a voice that echoed back dismay, I uttered, *stop! consider!!* If a peal of thunder shook the world to rocking, as the solemn warning of the still more dreadful trump, and bid this company prepare for judgment—who is ready? —say? A tremor seized the lady whose hand I still held, and the room in an in-

stant became a scene of wild confusion. —Terror, fear, and dread entered every heart; and had not Satan interfered, the consequence might have been salutary and pleasing, by the awakening of some careless sinner.

But the gentlemen who were present opposed the manner in which I introduced my subject, and in the issue were nigh laying violent hands upon me. I exhorted them for some time, then knelt down in the midst of the room, and implored the mercy of an indulgent God to spare them from the talons of the destroyer, and change their folly and madness into sincere repentance, that they might forsake their evil way, and turn for shelter within the covert of the Redeemer's side.

"Infinite joy, or endless woe
"Depends on every breath;
"And yet how unconcerned we go
"Upon the brink of death."

I am aware that many will condemn my proceedings that evening, and conceive that it was an unprecedented invasion on the rights of hospitality and good breeding, to allow zeal to carry a man to such enthusiastic lengths. I am ready to acknowledge that there is a consistency apparent in the observation; but the char-

actors who composed that party, very seldom, if ever, entered the house of prayer, unless custom or fashion peremptorily required of them some show of respect to its ceremonies: and we are commanded to be "instant in season and out of season."

If it be impossible to warn them from the pulpit, either because they will not attend, or that they are too stupid to hearken, or too careless to pay any regard to the word of inspiration, God has provided other means; and it is our business to find out the sinner—to follow him through every avenue and winding in life—and, if we are sensible of the worth of souls, no danger will appal us, no obstacle will be too great or powerful for us to overcome. Jesus Christ entered every open door—preaching in the streets, in the houses, in the synagogues, in the ships, in the vallies and on the mountains.

Still there may be many objections urged against the expediency of my operations. I will answer, finally, the practice of dancing is so subversive to the cause of Christianity—so opposite to the language of the holy writ—and so entirely subservient to the ends of the prince of darkness, that I thought it my indispensa-

ble duty to show my aversion to an amusement, which, although innocent in its appearance, has been found to possess many disadvantages of an incurable nature; quelling the alarms of a guilty conscience—quieting the demands of justice, and suppressing those holy desires that divine benignity has shed into the hearts of the rising generation.

Oh! how many parents will deeply lament their blind infatuation, which has influenced them to encourage this growing evil. Remember the words of the prophet Amos: "*Woe to them who chaunt to the sound of the viol.*" Be cautious, therefore, how you act with regard to the education of your offspring. God may require their souls at your hands, and oh! what a heart rending consideration, from which our thoughts recoil, if you become the unhappy instruments of their *damnation!!!* Would you wish, my reader, to be introduced from the ball room into a world of spirits? or change the gaudy robes of fashion, for the cold habiliments of the tomb? Certainly not. Fly, then, the very appearance of evil, "for the eyes "of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

When my friends became acquainted

with what they designated my fool-hardy enterprise, they were unable to conjecture what would be the result of a continuation of such practices. Various were the reports that rapidly advanced, and were circulated throughout all those families with whom I was acquainted. Each person formed his opinion, and added to the extravagance of the tale. Some were inclined to believe that my faculties were impaired by fasting and prayer; and used it as a caution to their friends, lest they might acquiesce in my notions, and be wrought upon by the same evil spirit, to commit yet more flagrant acts of rudeness on the civilized amusements of the *pleasure taker*. Others who were more mild in their manner of conveying instruction, softened the term, and with all the suavity of *polite friendship*, merely deemed it one of my *pious indiscretions;* using the insinuating language of love, to attract and draw me from the position I had taken. They undertook to show how much discredit it would heap on my family—blasting my own reputation, and detering those who were respectable in the world from associating with one who possessed such extraordinary qualities in his religious opinions.

I used every effort which I judged expedient, to convince them of my sincerity —recited those passages which were favorable to my views on the subject, and inquired of them if they had ever known, or had ever received a just estimate of the value of an immortal soul! "What "will it profit a man if he gain the whole "world and lose his own soul? or, what "shall a man give in exchange for his "soul?" Their answers indicated that their understanding, with respect to the spiritual concerns of an immortal life, was shallow and grossly superficial. Unacquainted with the ways of God, and unread in the deep mysteries of the gospel, they possessed no plummet's line to fathom the swelling waters of that mighty river which rises fast by the throne of God, and stretches far its purple wave, to wash the Ethiopian white, and cleanse the leprous sinner from his spots. "And "he shewed me a pure river of the water "of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out "of the throne of God and the Lamb." Yet they presumed, as do many at the present day, to develop the secret council of Jehovah, and say that he has ceased, in these latter days, to work miracles and perform his wonders on this earth, his

footstool. Is God unmindful of his church? No, no. As he is its head, founder, and patron—omniscient, omnipresent, and omnipotent, will he not devise means to oppose, discomfit, and destroy its enemies? Certainly—"All things "were made by him, and without him was "not any thing made that was made."—He therefore knows the mechanism of the human heart, and he can arrange and select instruments fit for his purpose, and who will inevitably, through that all-sufficient power, derived from him, accomplish the purposes of his almighty wisdom in our christian hemisphere, and eventually blazon, as does the sun when at its full meridian, bursting with its teeming glories, to scatter every mist and morning shadow from our world.

Man may struggle against those instruments used by the Redeemer, to plant daggers in his side; yet they will become "sharp in the hearts of the king's enemies," and finally overthrow them with as great a spiritual slaughter, as that on the day of Pentecost.

Earthly monarchs and wise commanders, while their enemies slumber, are upon the watch, and preparing their troops for the hostile field; that when the clari-

on sounds the blast for combat, they may pour their swarming millions ready for the fight, upon the foe: so the King of Kings and Lord of Lords prepares his servants for the battle.—Nature becomes subservient to his will, and all combine to meet the man of sin in all his horrid, monstrous shapes—and while the sinner sleeps he guides the lightning—nerves the fiery bolt——Oh! God! wake poor sinners—let Pity drop her tear, and Mercy interpose her arm While they are advising ministers to hold their peace, and bidding them beware of too much zeal, the eternal scene may open to the shores——of where?..... Endless night and black despair!! Merciful God! and are we mortal?—our fabric sinking to decay—tenable but a few short, fleeting days, or sickly months, and then——What then?——A long—long night of sorrow, where the doors of hope exclude even one intermitting ray of light.

Here, as long as ruddy health invites a smile, and rushing blood creates desire, we are lost in joys beneath our lofty calling, and bask in beams that smother with delight the holy zeal of panting to be good. We gaily trip the fairy maze of fancy's bright creation.—Bright, 'tis true,

but oh! how subtle! Deceptious as that calm which lulls the weary seaman from his watch on deck—masked as is the morn of April with every growing, opening sweet.——Yet all these sweets possess a charm; but then so visionary, we scarcely taste them ere they wither, droop, and die! Bleak winter, sure emblem of the night of death, in ruthless fury clad, rushes like a mighty whirlwind, bent on wild destruction, strips the proud forest of her green, umbrageous foilage—uproots the aged oak which firmly stood in towering grandeur, the sheltering monarch of those dreary wilds; then haunts the fragrant bower, and stoops to rob the mildest flower of all its bloom.

Reader! . . . . gather up the seared and blighted leaf of autumn, or visit the cemetry of the dead—there count the ashes of your friends,

> Who once could smile, and laugh, and play,
> And sport and trifle time away.

What! not one vestige left? Methinks it would be wise to go and seek their dust —the dew falls heavily on their clodded beds—their pillows cold, and silent their repose —But, ah! their spirits, to what regions bound.——————————And

the rich man was buried.—Perhaps his funeral was pompous, was splendid, while many of the gay companions of his festive hours, swelled the train of mourners, and filled up the cavalcade of wondering spectators that crouded to convey him to his last long home.———But see!———In hell he lifted up his eyes—no table there, covered with daintics to please the taste, or gratify an inordinate desire for luxury—no rich appendages of purple and fine linen, or superb chamber, decorated with beauty, and attended by the fashionable butterflies of the day. Ah! no—but he was in torment———Of what kind?—Excruciating———his vitals preyed on by the worm that never dies—there he had time to reflect on his life of vanity, and the unlimited indulgence he gave to all his sensual appetites—the vile use he made of those riches given into his charge—his misapplication of all the unsparing goodness of a kind provider. Wretched man! Is there no release—no possibility of a rescue from the extreme torture he now endures———it is denied———he has been weighed in the balances and found wanting. And Lazarus also died, and was buried—he was poor—no burnished trappings, nor host of noble friends attend his lonely

departure to the grave.—But God is no respecter of persons.——His happy spirit is in heaven, fondled in the bosom of Abraham—a pause, forever, to his sufferings.—Reader, view the picture, as taken from the mouth of him "who spake as never man spake."

Mysterious and strange to all who were intimately acquainted with me, appeared the argument I proposed, to account for my subsequent conduct; while, with all the sophistry with which this world abounds, they tried to prove fallacy and elicit the conceit of my understanding, in things that related to the true meaning of the sacred text.

I now began seriously to ponder on the dreadful perils that were continually cast in my way, and to entertain fears of falling by the hand of some of my enemies, who were gaining a new accession to their force each day.

This was the hour of severe trial, that is said will come "upon all those who live "godly in Christ Jesus; they must suffer persecution." I was buffetted on every side—sorely beset and harrassed by the foe.—I knew if the enemy could make me give back, or gain the slightest advantage over me, I was undone. I therefore

continued to maintain an unequal fight, and in the contest, was several times on the very point of yielding to a superior force, and becoming a captive in the hands of my most inveterate enemy, Satan.—Still I persevered, and although faint and weak, because of the strength and ability of those who were in league to overcome and destroy me, I kept my hold, nor despaired of ultimate success, while the Lion of the tribe of Judah was my unalterable friend, and on whose tried fidelity and attachment, I firmly relied. "The afflic-"tions of the righteous are many, but the "Lord delivereth him out of them all."

In the midst of these fiery trials, my feeble endeavours for the promotion of the interests of the cross, were, in a very remarkable manner, blessed; agreeing with the sentiments and according with the situation of holy men of every age, who, when they were most persecuted, had nearer and more familiar views of heaven and its matchless beauties. The divine Revelator could perceive no diminution of the exalted glories of the inner temple, when he was banished to a solitary isle; but rather an increase of incomparable excellencies broke in upon his soul, transcending in their brightness, all

that had ever visited him, since the sun himself created his noon, and in whose beautifying beam, and on whose mystick bosom, he had once leaned for support and consolation; what ravishing scenes fastened his wondering eyes, and shed a sacred stillness of delight around his throbbing heart.—What were his vast ideas when he beheld the moving squadron of the saints, attired in blood-washed linen, and glittering crowns of gold upon their heads, and, as expressed in language of a mould divine, "These are they who came "out of great tribulation, and have wash-"ed their robes, and made them white in "the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are "they before the throne of God, and "serve him day and night in his temple, "and he that sitteth on the throne shall "dwell among them."

Pause——Reader! . . . . . Is this zeal?—Are there crowns and diamonds and palms of victory, for the faithful soul that spurns the offers of a vain and worthless world, who, like the worm, bursts her silken net, and soars aloft on pinions feathered for the sky? Why creep like nauseous reptiles close to earth, and with the muck-worm pictured by that saint of God, John Bunyan, scrape the dust in

heaps, and scorn to cast a glance where angles stand and beckon to a purer soil, and richer spoils.

In fond anticipation, I could meet the poet, and with rapturous energy pronounce his words.

" In hope of that immortal crown,
" I now the cross sustain ;
" And gladly wander up and down,
" And smile at toil and pain :
" I suffer on my three score years,
" Till my deliv'rer come
" And wipe away his servant's tears,
" And take his exile home."

How often have I felt like the weary pilgrim, who had been travelling over some sandy desart, without the shadow of a rock to screen him from the sun's too scorching beams, and beholds, at last an opening spring ; and under the shade of some fair spreading tree, whose leaves " are for the healing of the Nations," sits him down in sweet contentment, there to refresh his aching limbs and cool his burning thirst. " As the heart panteth after the water brooks, so longeth my soul after thee, O God."

I examined my heart, knowing that it was deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked ; searched the Bible, and

made various observations on the experience of my christian friends ; but it was all to no purpose. I still felt an unconquerable attachment to the sacred duties of a Minister of Christ, and an insatiable longing to be released from the trammels of my business. It ill suited my turn of mind, to be treading the dull, insipid path of merchandise or trade.—Traffic of every kind had been abhorred by me from my earliest infancy ; worldly speculations were of such a nature as never had comported with the ardent feelings of my soul.—I trust that none will augur unfavorably, from this confession ; that I disliked my occupation that tended to fetter the powers of genius and dull the imagination, I candidly acknowledge*

* I must in justice to myself remark, that I had imbibed from my earliest recollection, an invincible hatred to idleness and inactivity. The motto I preserved unsullied and esteemed, was *tempus fugit*—and were there not feelings of a peculiar nature instituted in my mind through the influence of education, and the expectancy of my soul for a situation of all others the most exalted, the probability is, I should have lived contented in my sphere—and died a wretch ! after having amassed large possessions by my industry and perseverance—however, I am now perfectly resigned and contented—happy in the happiest land under

Ere my exalted parent paid the debt of nature, and while in the full exertion of every Christian grace and noble virtue, that could gain admittance or be fastened in the heart of man, he had kept my spirits buoyant by the exhilarating promise that I should be at liberty to choose my profession : I hesitated not, but ventured to tell him that the Pulpit was my choice, while a modest glow of purest animation suffused my cheek and stole in soft delight throughout my frame, yet not knowing that I should ever attain to the summit of my fondest wishes.

When kindred dust claimed his mortal part, although young, yet I deeply felt and lamented his loss ; as with him was long entombed the cherished offspring of my infant hours, which he had, when I was but a pratler, nursed and fondled to

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the sun.—Surely my lot is cast in pleasant places, I therefore do not repine, nor murmur because my pilgrimage has hitherto been weary, since *Canaan* now meets my ardent gaze—and that I am indulged by the kindness of Columbians—with the heaven born privilege of rambling unmolested and secure through their vast possessions, to tell them the sweet message of Angels—" Go into all the " world and preach the gospel to every creature, " For unto you is born this day in the city of Da- " vid, a Saviour."

his heart, till at last it grew, and like the phoenix, burst from his crumbling ashes, to inspire my soul with struggling virtue, and embalm his dust by striving to emulate his precepts, and perpetuate the sacred relict of a father's love, that first imbued my soul with pious admonition.—Methinks his spirit hovers o'er me, though shrouded in the misty clouds that intercept a mortal's ken. May I ever see him, and ne'er forget his last and best bequest, but hoard the treasure as misers do their gold.

As might be naturally expected from the tempestuous appearance of what passed within my breast, dark clouds began to spread their dreary mantle o'er those images of brighter days, and quite imprisoned every gentle smile that once arrayed the passing moments. With David now I changed the notes of praise, and flung the lute away, affrighted with the gloom that wrapped my soul, and bid me look for hideous storms. I joined in doleful accents of despair, and said "my spirit is "overwhelmed within me, attend unto "my cry, Oh, God! for I am brought ve-"ry low, bring my soul out of prison, that "I may praise thy name."

I resorted to the bosom of friendship,

and sought there a relief from my sufferings ; but this only augmented my distress ; nor did I receive any benefit from the kindness of those who once were enabled to participate in my griefs, and whose affectionate regard had been a solace to me, when weighed down and sunk beneath the heavy load of former sins—There was one family to whom I became strictly united at the time when I experienced a change of heart, and to whose house I had often resorted when sorely tempted by the enemy. When in the height of trouble, I visited them, their conversation and attention was of a soothing nature, and in a measure dispelled my fears.—They warmly urged me to persevere in well doing, not to think of flight or discomfiture, but to take the whole armour of God with me, and go out boldly against the enemies of Israel, as did the stripling David, in the strength of him who put to flight, and there destroyed the boasting, menacing, host of Pharaoh—their unreserved and christian converse contributed, in a great degree, to excite the energies of my soul with more luminous discoveries of the place of redemption, and a more enlarged display of the manner in which God conducts his people through their af-

flictions—making the crooked places straight, and the rough places plain, till they are fully purified from every foul affection and wholly cleansed from dead works, prepared to have an entrance administered unto them with the Saints in Light.

There is an idea that is extant among the circles of the wise and prudent,* which is a monstrous derogation from the true meaning of the Holy Bible. That Religion when made the chief study of man, introduced to his company at all times, and co-operating with every ingredient of the soul, produces a sort of madning phrenzy, and consequently idiotism, which imperceptibly becomes habitual, and destroys all the social engagements of this life. It is forgotten by such, or they are unacquainted with the annals of the inspired penman; that the Redeemer has given us a true picture of engagedness in the cause he came to espouse, and the work he came to perform.—One principle appeared to govern him throughout his laborious ministry among the ill-fated Jews —a determination to pourtray such exam-

* "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

ples, and enforce such sublime doctrines, as to this hour stand unrivalled among the most exalted characters that have trod the shores of time.

Peruse the story of his birth—his ministry—his unheard of sufferings—astonishing perseverance—unprecedented humility—and patient, meek, yet wondrous death. If all these, with every virtue combined that could be culled from heaven, adorned this lamb-like sufferer—graces that never visited earth before.—If all these united, form but a part of him who became a sin-offering for man, what must be the conclusion, that if Christ, the son of the living God, devoted himself, with an earnestness never equalled, for the purpose of extricating us from the pains and penalties due to our crimes, shall we be idle and inattentive, when our Lord struggled in the pangs of death, and met, for us, the barbarous insults of a cruel nation. Heaven forbid !——Or shall we conclude, and join our anathemas with those who once declared he had a devil? No.——rather let us meet this busy guest that enters at the door of folly, and whispers, "There is too much ado—too much noise about religion."—Let those who harbour such vain, such foolish thoughts, read,

"For as in the days that were before the "flood, they were eating and drinking, "marrying and giving in marriage, until "the day that Noah entered the ark; and "knew not until the flood came, and took "them all away: So shall also the coming "of the Son of Man be. Watch, there-"fore; for ye know not what hour your "Lord doth come." "But ye have set "at nought all my council, and would "none of my reproof: I also will laugh "at your calamity; I will mock when "your fear cometh."

Why is it that no genteel, well informed, fashionable circle, will admit the Saviour to appear among them. Angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect, enjoy his society, and are happy in his company. But, alas! the rules of *strict decorum* banish the only guest that can create a joy, or enliven, with some cheerful converse, the barren hours of man. Is he too mean a partner for a worm? What! —him whom myriads of the shining orbs adore and worship?—The Prince of Peace who smooths the wrinkled front of care, and sweeps the tender chords of melody o'er the heart?—Bid him depart!!!—The man who bore your griefs and carried all your sorrows—who lay in floods of crim-

son dye, and weltered in his blood, to staunch the death wound of the viper's sting, and throw back the portals of a blissful palace, where, enthroned in glory, you might reign.--Is he not worthy of your love?—can you not meet him as a brother, and hail him as a friend—the best of friends—one who never forsakes his charge—with whom no change of clime, no threatening aspect, no forbidding frown can make the slightest alteration. Wretchedness, nor poverty, can chase him from your dwelling; riches nor splendour—all alike—he still appears the tender, assiduous, pitying friend.—He watches near your pillow—follows you through life, unseen.—He marks your steps, his eye glistening with the tear of regret, because you will not yield—his hand stretched out to interpose between you and danger, administering to your necessities.—He stops the angel with his warrant—remands him back to paradise—waits another year.—Meantime he wooes, implores you to be wise—gives a look towards justice—looks her into love.——Again follows, allures, threatens—cuts down a branch—blasts a leaf—blights a bud—digs about your root—seeks, anxious for the promised fruit—is disappointed—applies again—tries se-

verer methods—prunes yet closer. At last the recording angel drops the pen!—the scale preponderates—a single poise—the devouring jaws of death are open——when the proud, the empty, high ennobled sinner drops, with all his sins, to blow the flames of hell!!——Gracious God! avert the stroke. Yet there are some of the unconverted, who, when they perceive the just man retire in the majesty of his God, unmoved; or waiting for his summons, placid and resigned, exclaim with Balaam, "Let me die the death of the righteous, "and let my last end be like his," but with him, are too apt to sacrifice to wood or stone; call up divinations, and worship idols of their own forming, their own deifying; and in high and exalted places, throng to the altar of an unknown God, or mix with the crowd of devotees that rush upon the profane wheels of the moloch of their age, *fashion*—where numbers have been trampled to death, in a spiritual sense; and those temples where God desired to reign, become the residence and abiding places of vultures and other animals of prey, who leave them at last, divested of form, and as putrid as the victims of Juggernaut, when thrown out and exposed to those hungry fiends, who are

seen continually hovering o'er the plains of an Indian Golgotha.

Religion is the one thing needful—— Without it, we are of all men, most miserable. What, if like the Alexander of the day, we should grasp at the sun—call the stars our own—stretch our arms like seas, and stride the heavens; we are, when closely scrutinized, allied to the loathsome reptile—our fine trappings and gorgeous apparel, the thin rags that cover for a season rottenness and base corruption. Oh! what an inexplicable creature, poor, misguided man.—Dimmed are his eyes, nor yet aware of coming firebrands, and the shock of falling stars and quenching suns.

"Here lie proud rationals; the sons of heaven
"The lords of earth; the property of worms!
"Beings of yesterday, and no to-morrow—
"Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd:
"All gone to rot in chaos."

Walking one day through Oxmantown Green, a place celebrated for preaching by men of the most refined talents, and while indulging in a deep reverie, I suddenly lifted up my eyes and beheld where the immortal Whitfield had stood, and with all the sainted eloquence of an apostle, delivered his Master's message, while the

blood trickled from those temples now crowned with Sharon's ever-blooming rose. I gazed with signs of admiration in my manner, and felt an ardent desire to tread his footsteps, and from the same place to announce the efficacy of the atoning Lamb to save the rebel race. Lost in the soul-reviving thought, I returned home, and formed a resolution to make an appointment there for the following Sabbath. I communicated my intentions to a religious friend, from whom I expected not the slightest opposition—but I was mistaken; for it was his opinion that if I was persecuted by my friends and the world heretofore, for acting in a public capacity, what a flood-gate would this rash step open to pour an almost overwhelming torrent upon my weak, defenceless head. But I panted to take the field, and in the most open, undisguised manner, call the attention of my sleeping countrymen to the trumpet's charge. He added that it was the most desperate undertaking I had as yet entered upon, and warmly admonished me to be careful how I proceeded in the matter; strongly advising me to relinquish the pursuit, as one that would in the event, increase the misery of my situation, and perhaps cost me

my life.—He, therefore, besought me to pause, ere I rushed headlong to the thickest of the fight, and recommended me to consult with the preachers in charge; hinting that they might develop those interior springs which moved so rapid, and impelled me to proceed on grounds not justifiable in my present station.

I reluctantly gave him my consent, and on the next day was visited by the ministers, who were united in sentiment, that I should wait for some more convincing proofs of my call to preach the gospel, and not contend so inflexibly for what might as yet prove to be a strong delusion —setting forth examples that were within their own observation, where young men were ruined by an untimely ardour in their religious devotions, and overcome by the offspring of their own heated fancy. The advice of the apostle to Timothy was quoted by them, as having a manifest reference to my case: "Not a novice, lest "being lifted up with pride, he fall into "the condemnation of the devil." I patiently acquiesced in their right as fathers, to instruct those committed to their charge, and silently bowed, as children ought, to wisdom in its prime. It cost me an inward struggle, more exquisite than I had

for some time experienced ; and, with expressions of satisfaction and pleasure on their side, and present submission on mine, we parted warm friends.

When the Sabbath unfolded her spotless robe, and from the chambers of the east, brought a respite to laborious man, no pleasing vision in its beam inspired to sun my breast with joy, or light me to the crusade of my prince ; but sluggish as the coward, who, affrighted at the din of battle and the flash of spears, shrinks within the hated form of selfish musing, nor feels the tide of glory swell, and hasty travel to his heart.—No gust of animation plays across his features, nor spreads the fire that dimly sparkles in his eye.—The slave who once appeared the terror of his foe, and undaunted, nobly led his troops to spoils and conquest—behold him, like the fated Don Sebastian, doomed to drag the fetter that enchains his limbs—his soul no bondage can subdue—not all the bitter taunting of his haughty lord can move him.—Stern and lofty as those craggy rocks that rise from ocean's deepest bed, he breasts the proud waves' beating surge, and grows a hero yet more great, although a slave, oppressed and poor.

Would that I could define my feelings on that day, when I expected to have reaped a glorious harvest—my heart was burning to be gone, and were not my promise surety for my honor, I would have rushed impetuously to embrace the sinner in my arms, and speed my way through starry realms on faith's inspiring wing, far beyond the pearly gates of heaven, and lay my charge within the circle of admiring millions.

About this time I changed my condition in life, and engaged a handsome cottage in a small but elegant village in the suburbs of the city, called Sandymount. This place possessed many charms in my susceptible imagination, particularly as I recognized in every shaded walk and verdant green, the haunts of playful childhood. For three seasons in succession, our family had retired to its lonely shades as a pleasant retreat, in the heat of summer, from the smoke and endless bustle of the city. Many wakeful and fond remembrances endeared me to every spot.—Some of my readers may smile—those who have never left their native home, nor known nor felt what strangers feel.—But, ah! too many feel the rapid flow of early sensibilities alive, awake, and ever

ready, like the Æolian harp, for every breeze to rouse a host of sweet associating sounds: such know that every feature of a stranger's home possesses charms so lasting, so unfading, that the last quivering spark of life which plays around the dying stranger, must first expire, ere its loved image can become extinct, or fade within his breast.

In a short time I was again set up as a mark for Satan and his servants, to shoot their arrows at. I attended an appointment for one of my brethren who had gone to the country, in a house of Mr. Clark, Ringsend, within one mile of the city. The day was so enticing, and not calculating on a disturbance, or any interruption to our worship, we adjourned to the front of the house, which was built on the banks of the river Dodder. After we had arranged the stand, and sang the first hymn, there were several who did not act as if their design was to listen attentively. I read those passages that gave a description of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and went on to explain the similarity that subsisted between sinners of the present day and those who were the victims of an angry God, in the days of the righteous Lot. For a while,

some respect was paid to the word spoken; but it did not last many minutes before such an outcry commenced, as entirely drowned my voice —Every opprobrious and vile epithet was poured forth, on the man who had dared to address them. I implored them to listen—but my entreaties proved unavailing, and from one excess of rudeness to another, I found it absolutely necessary to retire into the house, as the stones flew round on every side, and threatened those who were near me with destruction. My friends were truly amazed when they found I was untouched and perfectly safe. Oh! the goodness of my heavenly parent, who deigned to preserve such an unprofitable servant's life.—May I ever praise him for delivering mercy and unmerited love. This did not satisfy their brutal fury, but with increasing virulence they attacked the house, and used various methods to obtain admission, that they might get me into their hellish gripe.—Finding that nothing would quell the rabble, and fearing lest some of the family might be injured, I resolutely opened the door, and committing myself into the keeping of a merciful providence, I escaped unhurt, and directing my footsteps towards home, arrived there in perfect

safety, to adore that being who hath said, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no far-"ther; and here shall thy proud waves be "stayed."

A remarkable circumstance occurred at the termination of the Meeting, which, under God, was the means that preserved my life, and drew the multitude after another object. A man, who was one of the most daring in his attempts to promote and encourage a riot, went forward and took possession of the chair I had occupied, for the purpose of mocking what had been said; but he suffered for his scoffing; God making use of those very characters who were stimulated by him to molest and insult me, as instruments to punish him; for, when they were foiled in their wishes, and found that I had made my escape, some who were of a blacker and more depraved stamp, dragged this unfortunate man from the chair where he had harangued the people in derision, and, rather than lose their sport, precipitated him violently into the river, and then half buried him in the sand—thus gratifying their cursed inclinations, and heaping on the most prominent instigator of the disturbance, a just retribution. "But who-"so shall offend one of these little ones,

" which believe in me, it were better for
" him that a millstone were hanged about
" his neck, and that he were drowned in
" the depth of the sea."

This meeting added more fuel to the already kindled fire, and the tide of wordly opinion ran higher in passing their invectives upon my conduct, and censuring me for thus disturbing the kingdom of darkness, and intruding within the jurisdiction of him who rules the sole monarch of those who fear neither God nor man.

My constitution, naturally delicate and infirm, became more debilitated, and my friends expected a very quick *finale* to all my business on the stage of life. I tried to desist from public speaking, but an awful sense of my duty crept throughout my system and forbade my thinking of rest, or ease, or life itself, when balanced with the worth of souls.

I began to grow more unhappy, and frequently retired to solitary places, where apart from all the world, I might wander o'er the past, and call to mind

" The happy hours I once enjoy'd,
" How sweet their mem'ry still ;
" But now they've left an aching void
" This world can never fill."

My time was spent in heavy groans and

bitter lamentations. Sleep forsook my pillow, and gloomy shadows flitted before my wakeful eyes. Ofttimes, when alone, I have been alarmed, and thought I beheld some ghastly spectre threaten me with instant death, or imagined that the hour of general judgment was arrived—while in speechless horror I would listen for the dreadful signal, which, with many thunders, would announce the "coming of the Son of man, in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory." Life became an intolerable burthen, and in every face, I traced the jaundiced form of hatred and revenge, and hourly waited in untired expectancy for some heavy, dread calamity to befal me. Alas! I would think, I am born to be wretched. While others enjoy the world, I am lost in hopeless, cheerless, lone, abandoment! I had friends—a numerous circle! but their breasts were calous to my sufferings, nor could they comprehend the magnitude of my woes.* Pious and enlightened many of them were, yet so indefinable were my feelings, that they could not meet their tone, nor pierce the weight of sorrow which oppressed my senses; the subjec

* "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospe

perplexed, confused, and astonished them. Oh! what busy, meddling fears haunted me, even in the midnight watch—

——————"And night,
"Even in the zenith of her dark domain,
"Was sunshine to the color of my fate."

A sombre shade of melancholy, imperceptibly stole around my features, and wrapped me in the folds of black, morose, and ugly tempers. Religion, though the breath of paradise, winged from thence to fan the burning fever of the sinner's brain, lost its balmy virtue, and its sovereign strength; nor closed the agonizing fissure opened in my heart. I was blessed with affluence—my prospects flattering, and no anxious thought how I should provide for the morrow; but all would not answer—the endearments of life were poisoned by the putrid air of discontent; all nature wore an aspect of perpetual sorrow, and scorpions tracked me as I passed along.—I felt more and more convinced that but one alternative remained, to save me from an everlasting shipwreck——total renunciation of the world and all its false allurements, and a submissive disposition to throw myself on the clemency of my offended monarch; but I could find

no ray to guide me to his feet, nor Star to lead me to his throne.

Oh! ye sons of pleasure, what think ye of a broken heart, thrust through with many darts, and reft of every comfort? —Are those feelings new?——by no means—are they but the empty visions of a maniac's wandering brain? No.—The sweet toned musician speaks in strains of yet more deep and mournful sadness.— "Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in "darkness, in the deep, thy wrath lieth "hard upon me, and thou hast afflicted "me with all thy waves." And again, Job complains, "I was at ease, but he "hath broken me asunder: He hath also "taken me by my neck and shaken me to "pieces, and set me up for his mark."

Notwithstanding the unfavourable appearance of the surrounding scenery, and that the shaggy cliffs o'erpending hung, and threatened me with inevitable ruin, while lowering clouds, in curling volumes hasty rose, and rolled, in gloomy silence, along the sky——yet, at intervals, the landscape brightened into joy, and the tufted brow of some enormous precipice received the gilded beam, and softened into looks of pleasure. Alas! these were but transitory moments, and very soon

disappeared. Instead of my peace being like a river, whose deep and steady stream flows unceasing towards the ocean's bed, I had strayed from the proper channel—wandered from the path of duty—and was left to be harrassed by the malice of my enemies.—But I have infinite reason to adore and worship my heavenly Father for his kind care in preserving me from total destruction. "Eternity will be too short to utter all his praise."

An association was proposed by one of my christian brethren, to consist of an unlimited number of serious and enlighten'd young men, who were to meet one evening in each week, for the purpose of reading and explaining the holy scriptures —a study too often neglected by the serious of every denomination, and which, if entered upon, would amply repay the searcher after knowledge—That knowledge which has been inculcated by the fountain of all wisdom, and which is intended by him to make us wise unto salvation. I once thought it was a laborious and painful exercise to attempt digging in such an unfrequented mine, not knowing the rich and inexhaustible treasures that were there consigned for needy man. I can now but deplore that lassitude and

indolence which has marked the first, or early spring of my existence.—Never, till lately, did I set a just value on those hours set apart by my parents, to improve my understanding, and plant such seed within my breast, as were likely to take deep root, and in time bring forth fruit to repay their fond indulgence.

Short sighted mortals! When each hand presents some promised blessing—when our friends surround our waking and our sleeping hours, and nought is heard to disturb the serenity of our minds, or chill the warm attachments that intwine around our souls, we are comparatively happy.—Oppression meets us not; we, therefore, cannot feel the pressure of its woes.—Misery pines in secret—we hear the tender tale of houseless want, and shrugging up the shoulder, hush the sound that vibrates o'er our present calm felicity, and would disturb us, lest the knowledge of ourselves might guide us to the feet of sovereign mercy. "Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not. "Blessed is the man that heareth me, "watching daily at my gates; waiting at "the posts of my doors: For whoso findeth me, findeth life, and shall obtain favour of the Lord; but he that sinneth

"against me wrongeth his own soul. All "that hate me love death."

We enjoy unnumbered blessings, but we blush to own from whence they come; or, ungrateful, will not trace the finger which conducts those blessings to our world. We behold the beam, and see it dart direct from yonder sun, whose dazzling rays when sunk behind the western hills, inshrine a world in deepest shade—but the dim perceptions of our souls no farther pierce, than the smoky atmosphere of this inferior ball, or see the objects of another world through the medium of distorted fancy.

Shrouded in the selfish thoughtfulness of sordid pleasure, we pursue whatever object bids us welcome, and secures the morbid listlessness of self-indulgence.—But when called to seek the blessed Jesus, we would hide behind the folded garments of some gilded bugbear, and affrighted, hoot the messenger of mercy, as the harbinger of chains and death. Nay, more—wreak our impotent revenge on those who point to wisdom's steps, and say, "This is the way—walk ye in it."

The careless sinner, whose unsteady footsteps lead to ruin, and whose giddy thoughts are spent in airy fancies, and in

learning how to ape the fool, will never know the privilege of time, of health, or praying opportunities, until that hour arrives, when the despoiling tyrant, Death, arrests his progress. Then will livid conscience glare upon him; no longer fettered by the vacant crowd, nor hushed to stillness by the endless routine of a life of pleasure. Life and death, are both in strong perspective to his sinking vision—Heaven!——and the dark prisons of the damned!!..... Then he may exclaim, as did one within my own knowledge, whose dying words still strike a shivering dampness to my heart. "Oh!" said he, with a struggling groan, "I feel the unutterable torments of despair!" And added, with a yet more fearful groan, that "the flames of hell already circulated throughout the pores of life," and in agony, more to be conceived than expressed, he entered into unknown and gloomy regions—unknown and unfrequented by a mortal's tread.

How did the wretched, yet highly polished and noble Altamont expire? The pen of Dr. Young has touched the scene.—I would recommend the perusal of it to my youthful readers.

Trifle not with these solemn warnings.

If there is a spark of virtue in thy bosom, may it kindle to a flame. Set thy house in order—"*prepare to meet thy God.*"—While thou readest, the angel may knock, and Justice may sheathe her sword in thy heart. "Men may live as fools; but never can die as such."

But to return: The meeting was instituted under the direction and special protection of the Methodist society; the ministers to be regular members. A number of young men were admitted, whose literary advantages were peculiarly inviting; and the association gave very promising hopes of contributing towards the general diffusion of divine light and knowledge. There is no critical calculation that man can make, which will throw a sufficient weight in the scale of human excellence, to give just or true ideas of the vast and salutary benefits which arise from the unwearied exertions of some pious christians in the world. But, alas! it is to be lamented that so few enlist among that number, which may well adopt the title of "forlorn hope" to designate their little band. If that number were enlarged—if those who are languishing at the bar—those who were intended by God to join the heroes of the cross—and many

who might be drawn from their solitude, or dug from the masses of earth that compress and surround them, were produced, what a noble army of invigorated troops would assemble to extend the ardent flame of bleeding love, from the verge of the Atlantic to the Pacifick Ocean.—Yea, to regions where no civilized step had sounded, nor exploring search had been ever made.——When we look back, and, "through the postern of time, long elapsed," imagine that we see the crowned emperors—the coroneted nobles, and the knighted gentlemen, with the lowest of the peasants, starting into action—the high emblazoned shields, with every motto of an heart-entrancing nature, to inspire the martial chieftains with a glow of holy courage—when we continue, and read of monarchs bidding adieu to their native shores—crossing the turbulent seas, and eager to plant the mild insignia of the cross, on Palestine's extended plain——and all this to rescue Jerusalem from the fangs of Turkish tyranny—shall we not blush, and own that our forefathers, with less light, still less privileges, possessed more real glory, and were animated with desires, which, were they but directed to a proper object, would have called the na-

tions, yet unborn, to bless their names.—We have got more animating conquests to pursue; and, although our ardour is not bought by high-sounding titles, and the clash of claymores, or the glitter of the warlike spear; nor do we see ensquadroned hosts of christians, with their blood-stained banners high unfurled, to call the ardent zeal of every soldier into action—we have got the watch-word of a higher chief—nor are the bounds of this little world to call us conquerors or extol our fame; nor the joint obeisance of the great or noble in the earth, to please us.——No.——It is the vast territory of heaven, and the plaudits of its king, we would be panting after. Are there none who will catch the spirit of the dead, or snatch the mantle of that crowd of witnesses, who, absorbed in yonder bright abode of blessedness, reap the rising glories of supernal joys, forever. "And they that be wise, shall "shine as the brightness of the firmament; "and they that turn many to righteous-"ness, as the stars, forever and ever."

For a length of time, contentment waved her downy pinions o'er my fluttering bosom, and securely dwelt within its shelter. I had, with my other avocations of a religious nature, attached myself to the

Sunday Schools, and regularly attended every Sabbath, to assist in teaching those children whose parents were indigent, and consequently unable to attend to the education of their little ones. This was an employment, of all others, most suited to the temperature of my constitution. It was stretching forth the hand to relieve the distressed, and afforded numerous opportunities to inculcate religious principles into their opening minds.

During six months I sedulously attended, and was but seldom absent from any of my engagements. Our association began to flourish—members were weekly admitted, some of whom ranked high as stars of the first magnitude, in the religious hemisphere,* and pleasing were our prospects as to the ultimate success of our unwearied diligence. These flattering prospects, however, were but of short duration, for, at the expiration of one year, I received the heart-rending intelligence that the association was no more.

The means that produced its dissolution I never could exactly find out; as at the time of the unhappy disunion among its

* The Editor of the Methodist Magazine, Dublin, was a Member.

members, I was absent; confined by indisposition to my chamber. I was, therefore, incapable of judging aright; but from what I could gather from a young preacher, who was the mournful bearer of the saddening tidings, it was the secret machinations of one of its own members, who, from its commencement, had sought an opportunity to tear the fabric down.—My feelings were by no means so deeply wounded as his were, who, with a downcast look of real sorrow, expressed himself in these words: "I have nursed it in its cradle—watched over it from its birth: No wonder, then, that with regret I follow it to the grave." He had been the first person who had proposed the association, and it was in his house we had met together for the amiable purpose of exciting each other to higher attainments in holiness.

I cannot help pausing, when I recollect the arguments I used, to caution this unhappy young man, to beware how he encouraged a spirit of resentment against those who were conspicuous in the party, whose chief intrigues led to the total and entire abolition of this interesting meeting. His heart was of the true and genuine stamp, detesting deceit and abhoring

hypocrisy.—He could not unite the character of a professor of religion with either of those epithets. His talents as a preacher were very considerable, and he was considered a young man whose acquaintance with the things of God, evinced to those who knew him, an early piety that would have well suited an aged minister. Alas! that it was possible for such united virtues to be blasted in one short week; and while expanding to perfume the circle of his friends, and bless them with its fragrance, they should be called to behold the wreck of all its beauty. He was soon robbed of his only jewel, and left without his shield, a wanderer from his Lord. I have often, in the retired circles of obscurity, chanced to meet the *Backslider.*

Permit me to offer a few hints to my christian brethren. I feel my inability to give advice; but I feel a consciousness within of meaning well, in every simple thought, accompanied with a fervent prayer that God may own the weak attempts and feeble efforts of his lowly servant, in the gentle, yet pointed admonitions he would embody in this simple narrative.

The backslider demands our most earnest regards and most winning words, to allure him back into the paths of peace,

which he has forsaken and wandered from. Poor things! How often have I met them in the street, or mixing in the world, and wondered why they ever deserted their loving Saviour. But still more amazing —I have beheld men, and those, too, whose names announce high degrees of holiness, pass them by, with silent contempt highly colored in their manner, as though their scowling eye would say, "Avaunt! Thou art depraved, and now no longer worthy my notice." I have seen others meet such, and probing their wounds, yea, to the very quick, as if intent on blood, pass on, nor leave one balmy relict to extract the poison, or to heal those wounds, which mild and loving lessons of gentle mercy, might have caused to close, and bid the wanderer's breast dilate with joy! Gracious God! disclose the picture to a christian world. What is the ground work of our holy religion? Love to God and to our neighbor; without which the superstructure falls. It matters not how fair, how lovely to the eye; a zephyr fans it, and the burnished idol prostrate lies; the work of many a weary lengthening day.

What is love? It is the softest, purest feeling of the soul.—It is a feeling that will

veil forever, and without which, Paradise, with all her blissful charms, would be a gloomy dungeon.—It is, in one short sentence, the cementing principle that unites the rebel to his God, and makes of two, one according, and inseparable, and eternal union.

The heavenly orders shining in all their starry robes, draw near and enter into social and congenial converse with the fallen family; and yet, to the eternal shame of christians be it said, there are as many discordant strings of unharmonizing feelings among them, as would affright the ancient Platos from their marble; astonished, that with such high pretensions to be great, man's internal bond is weaker than the bruised reed, breaking like spider's thread, in every breeze. Love is banished from society, from the very hearts of men who hold the sacred symbols of their dying Lord, and clasp that volume which contains such soothing notes of tender pity, for the wandering sons of men.—— When Jehovah from his throne descends to pity, and to the last forbears to threaten; where is the just propriety for such to flaunt, and pour their harsh, incensed invectives on the sinking Peter, who may perish, o'erwhelmed, if timely succour does

not arrive? Would my brother call it justice, humanity, or love, to push me headlong down a steep, if, just shivering on its brink, hanging by some feeble shrub, I called to him for help? or, if clinging to some plank at sea, the way to save me, was to snatch that plank away, and leave me to the rude rough wave, more merciful than he; perchance that wave might buoy me up, and cast me on the shore.—Yet this is the method too often used by christians of a self-important kind, who lop their members off as useless, rotten branches; then consign them to the flames of hell, nor tarry for a moment to entice them back, nor shed a tear in mournful sadness over their fall. Barbarous ingenuity, never authorised by heaven, and incurring the divine displeasure.

The unsullied language of truth, is: "Go and proclaim these words towards "the north, and say, return, thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord: and I will "not cause mine anger to fall upon you; "for I am merciful, saith the Lord, and I "will not keep anger forever." If there is a melting tone of sympathy and kind forbearance manifest in these words, and all flowing towards one object, even the return of the backslider, and his restora-

tion, what should be the impressions left on our minds? What should be the result of our better judgment? An earnest appeal to every character, in such an awful situation, within the precincts of our retired and humble walks. We should not leave one avenue to the soul without a firm and serious attack upon its fortress—in loving, commisserating, and piteous accents of regret, to invite them to return; nor give them up, until, through the divine blessing, we had won them for our Master. Oh! what strong cords love can throw over the most daring—No power, nor might can withstand its seducing air.—It speaks when virtue is sunk in coldest apathy.—It excites attention when the noble throb of heroism has expired: and forges stronger fetters than those chains which Xerxes threw across the sea, to bind the flood as his slave, and teach it still obedience. Love subdued the proudest heroes, and drew from flinty breasts a streaming brook of tears.—Use, then, this sainted talisman.—Let christians; friends, of whatever name or sect, try the mighty charm—the good example of our prince, who used it for his only weapon to encounter sin, nor changed the heavenly music of its strain, till, greatly terrible, he a-

rose 'mid mountains of a massy pressure —wreaked his vengeance on the giant death—unfolding the portals of splendid glory, far surpassing, in its minutest beams, the sun when riding in her blazing chariot, mounted in the blue expanse and sunning myriads of created beings.—Love sat enthroned in every feature, and shot forth her piercing rays of soft condolement on his very murderers; and the last faint prayer that hung around his dying lips, was for his enemies. The odour that proceeds from love, perfumed the dying thief, and swept the stench of sin away that lurked about his heart. "Love your enemies; bless them "that curse you; do good to them that "hate you, and pray for them which de- "spitefully use you, and persecute you."

What language is this! so unlike the conversation of the world. Some may add, "Love your enemies? Why, that is impossible! I can scarcely love my friends when they displease me—much less, my enemies." Ah! but hearken: Christ declares it, and it must be performed. But some may say, "It is contrary to our nature, and consequently we are incapable of obeying so harsh a command."—— This is false reasoning, heterodox, and un-

true. Incapable we may be—yea, it cannot be denied, for we can do nothing of ourselves; but it would not argue consistency, if a Saviour, who is represented as a pattern of excellence and goodness, were to command when there was no assistance granted, to perform his requirements.

But he bids us come, and declares he will in no wise cast us out. There is, therefore, means provided if man will but come—advance. "Come unto me, all ye "that labour and are heavy laden, and I "will give you rest."

"Ask but in grace, and lo! 'tis giv'n—
"Ask, and he'll turn your hell to heav'n."

"By this shall all men know that ye are "my disciples; if ye have love one to an-"other." May I not ask, (if love be the fulfilling of the law—love to all the human species) If without this love we have any religion? None whatever—for saith the beloved disciple of our Lord, "He that loveth not his brother, abideth in death." What will become of all those bars which now separate the christian church, when general judgment is pronounced? Where must our bickerings, foul speeches, and eternal jealousies flee to?—They must add to the fuel of what rises from the burning

pool—nor will they enter with the saints of God, to walk amidst the golden candlesticks. Many may say, "We have eaten "and drunk in thy presence, and thou "hast taught in our streets. But he shall "say, I tell you I know you not, whence "ye are; depart from me all ye workers "of iniquity. There shall be weeping "and gnashing of teeth."

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At the expiration of eleven months from the time I had embarked in worldly speculations and trade, I examined my accounts, and was struck with wonder and amazement to perceive that I was considerably embarrassed—my property sunk and involved far beyond the extent of my finances. My friends were, if possible, more alarmed, as they were full of the idea that I was realizing a rapid fortune; nor could they imagine how it was possible for my affairs to become so deranged in the short term of a few months.

Oh! how fleeting are the scenes of life—what variation in the tide of human affairs.—A breath may blow the tallest cedars down, or crumble rocky mountains into dust. I have often reflected on the unchangeability of God.—Not even a shadow of turning in the eternal mind.—

Reversing the picture—beheld every thing beneath the sun, with this indelible mark —changeability.———The most brilliant prospects fade—the most aluring, soft, enticing joys, sicken, satiate, and disgust—the firmest friends unstable as the wind—the gilded dross, with ready, wide-expanded wings ever on the stretch, to leave its fond admirer—and the most consummate bliss, hypocrisy. A sickly dwelling is man's frail tenure, marked with as many changes as the sky that vaults his sad abode. —Where are those comforts to be found that we pursue with so much avidity, and never seem to tire; though disappointed oft, and weary in the search? From the sportive child, through all the several stages of enlivened hope, to the last, the eleventh hour, when decrepid age bows the pillars of this earthly temple, we view the same appetite inflamed, incited by the merest phantoms and the emptiest bubbles which have ever risen to fright the weak, or awe the vulgar into humble reverence.

"Yet man, fool man, here buries all his tho'ts;
"Inters celestial hope without one sigh.
"Pris'ner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
"Here pinion's all his wishes; wing'd by heav'n
"To fly at infinite, and reach it there,
"Where seraphs gather immortality,
"On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God."

After settling my accounts as far as my personal property allowed me, and drawing on my mother for the deficiency, I changed my establishment, and again prosperous gales wafted me securely along the rapid tide of fortune.—Treacherous elements! At this time the repeated, and hitherto unavailing entreaties of my friends, prevailed, and overcame the scruples of my conscience.—Fatal recollection! —The generous efforts of my soul for Sion's good were now no more.—Its holy kindlings emitted no intense desire to wield the sword of God, or to bid the winds transport a Saviour's name from shore to shore.—Fainter grew the beating pulse of that clear stream which rushes to a throb, at mention of the spread of pure and evangelical religion. Yet I lingered round that spot which was the only witness to my glad espousals to a Saviour.—The sight was painful—nor was my heart, as yet, too callous to feel the arrow, blunted there. Ah, no! I had tasted sweets the world's a stranger to. "The heart know-"eth his own bitterness; and a stranger "doth not meddle with his joy."

One morning, thoughtful, melancholly, and afflicted, I was walking through a part of the city but little frequented, when

I was accosted by a christian friend, whose very looks betrayed a frightful meaning, as he addressed me thus: "Brother," said he, "am I rightfully informed? The world whispers that you have given up your public exercises in the church of God, and are wandering back to the city of destruction! Tell me, is it true?" I answered in the affirmative, and faintly added, but far worse, my sun is set to rise no more forever—never!—and I repeated with emphatic energy, *never!!* and then continued, never shall I stand a messenger of the cross. I could support no more.—The started tear hung upon my burning cheek.——I turned to leave him, but he seemed unwilling thus to part, and gently chiding me, gave me a look—oh! 'twas such a look!—'twas pity blended with such love as shone full upon my heart.—He then faltered, "Brother, don't despair—you will conquer though you die."——Ah, no! I replied, leave me—I will plod the thorny maze alone——farewell. I shook his hand and hastened from his presence. * * * * * * * * *

And must I exhibit spots as foul as did the character of Peter?—paint myself in every dark and tragic form, and then assemble crowds to view the picture—every

shade descry, without, perhaps, one friend to throw his mantle o'er the hated, base, ungrateful wretch. Reader, I would crave your mercy.—Shame covers with a crimson hue, my cheek, and lingers there to tell me of my crime.——My bosom heaves, as if a voice arose from beneath its cover, and murmering cried, "Tell it "not in Gath: publish it not in the streets "of Ascalon." I have traced a plain unvarnished tale, for all the world to read.—My motives were, hitherto, of as pure a texture as the unspotted snow—my integrity as bright, unsullied as its fallen whiteness—but the chrystal covering now displaced, discloses to the view a ready yielding to the insidious snares and temptings of a lurking dæmon, who long had waited for his prey, and now adopted all his glaring furies to entrap me in his net, and cause me to deny "the Lord that bought me."

So the blood-stained assassin, tyger-like, lurks in silence near the opening ravine of a thorny glen, and when midnight hides his grim, ferocious features, and sheds a sooty garment over the world, he rises from his bed of brush, and rushing on the careless traveller, plunges to his heart the murderous poniard.

I was off my guard—my watch tower idly kept, and open to the dæmon's vile attempts. He entered the citadel of my heart, as did the Persian army into mighty Babylon—turned the river from its course, and planted on its walls the cursed pendant of the hoary monarch of the realms below.———Oh! God!!—while I write, astonishment suspends for a still moment, every power—but humble notes of grateful praise succeed the shivering pause, and swell a requiem to departed days. The task is great, to delineate with my pen the press of sorrow that conduced to sink me lower in despair's dark dungeon. All description fails, nor is my language forcible enough to mark the baleful features of a soul cast down from heaven's high verge, to grope in inky darkness, where the sable guise of night's impenetrable gloom inwraps the path on every side. * * * * * * * * *

My mother, whose infirmities were increasing according as she advanced in age, had talked of visiting a relation of hers, whose family resided forty miles north of the city, and about this time announced her intention of attempting the journey, judging that if she did not then go, in a very short time nature would require so

much rest, that she would be altogether unable to proceed. After due consideration, I concluded that it was my duty to accompany her; hoping that the excursion might be rendered beneficial to my health; and, likewise, be productive of the best effects towards recovering the proper tone of my feelings. A country life I had been peculiarly attached to—even when a child my mind partook of all its charms, and my eye wandered o'er its mingling beauties with a rapture seldom felt at such an early season, when those dear delights pass off without leaving a single trace behind.—— I can recollect well, when returned from school, how often I have thrown the satchel by, that contained my books, and ran with eager haste to implore my father for permission to depart, and with my playmates, wander through the grove, or seek the limpid stream to watch its flowings o'er the pebbles that composed its bed, and look to see the reddening sunbeam lie upon its surface. Happy—happy hours! unchecked by sorrow's sob. —Innocence and gay hilarity sparkled in my eye, undimmed by scalding tears.—— Farewell———ye are gone to return no more.——Yet

"Busy thought—too busy for my pace,
"Strays, wretched rover, o'er the pleasing past:
"In quest of wretchedness perversely strays,
"And finds all desert now."

Fishing was an amusement I was particularly fond of; so much so that I now resolved to furnish myself with every requisite, and spent the most of my time, while absent from the city, angling for the wary trout, along the sweet, romantic rivers of my Erin.

As we passed through those towns where I had been dispensing the word of life, I felt an inward whisper—conscience speaking—and before we arrived at Dundalk, which is forty miles from Dublin, the sharpest pangs of keen remorse assailed me. While meditating on the variety that was so conspicuous in my character, and wondering at myself, the carriage stopped, and we were introduced to the public inn.——The accommodations were of the best kind, and the inmates of the house particularly obliging. Not used to such long journies, I was very much fatigued, and, at an early hour, retired to rest.

In the morning I rose, quite refreshed, and made particular inquiries of the servant respecting the town and its inhabit-

ants. The town of Dundalk is a seaport not much distinguished for its trade or commerce. Protestants are more numerous than they are in general throughout the country; and the people are not as uncivilized as is generally thought, among Americans, to be the characteristic of the Irish. The lower classes, many of whom never knew a single letter, nor beheld the sacred pages of the Bible, are as rough, uncouth, and rugged, as the natives of the American forests. Unpolished—seated in their mud built huts, in clouds of smoke, and foddered with their cattle, what advantage can the poor Hibernian there possess? Alas! no soul reviving feast is spread for him to feed upon ——Poor unlettered peasant—what ill-boding stars were twinkling when thy mother heard thy infant cry? What cruel malice shut the hill of science from thy step; or closed the book of mercy from thy gaze? Whistling o'er the mountains, see, he careless steps—the fresh blown moss-rose drops her night-star'd dew, and rustling thickets notice that the warblers tune their morning sonnet, and awake to grateful music; but these charms are lost to him: The awkward gait, the vacant stare, intent on nought around, tell the

tale of some dear jewel, pressed with earth, and buried in a living grave. Oh! my countryman! where art thou?——— Groaning under burdens of a crafty nature—taught from the very cradle to revere, adore, yea, worship, those who exercise authority over thy immortal part, and bind thee with the most infernal chain that ever satan forged in hell's dark empire—*Superstition!*

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Hail Columbia! daughter of the sky! —First of nations—hail!——Thy ready arms are ever open to receive the wretched.—Pale, ghastly Want, distorted flees thy happy shores. Superstition, with her clotted mane, and blood-shot eyes, haggard, starts, and shrinking, hies her from thy peaceful dwellings; and thy numerous stars conduct the weary wanderer to thy tranquil haven! Securely moored, how many thousands lie at anchor near thy heart, encanopied with thy wide expanded wings, safe as if the trump of Jubilee had proclaimed an everlasting season of repose and quiet. Truly, thou aspirest to the pinnacle of human glory, and, with thy eagle, viewest the sun without a closing eye, and towerest aloft to rouse the slumbering inhabitants of the globe,

to know themselves, and follow in that path, which, when safely trod, will open on the plains of bliss, immeasurable and full.

Is this flattery? No—for I firmly believe that America, under God, first ranges all her troops beneath the banner of the blood-red cross; and that on her shores the angel, commissioned from the sky to preach the gospel, will alight.—— "And I saw another angel fly in the midst "of heaven, having the everlasting gospel "to preach unto them that dwell on the "earth, and to every nation, and kindred, "and tongue, and people." "I saw," says the prophet Daniel, "in the night "visions; and behold, one like the Son "of Man came from the clouds of hea-"ven, and came to the Ancient of Days, "and they brought him near before him; "and there was given him dominion, and "glory, and a kingdom, that all people, "nations and languages should serve "him."

After breakfast I addressed a letter to the Irish Missionaries, and requested the servant to direct me to some methodist in the town; but I learned, to my surprise, that the gentleman in whose house I then was, had been of that order, and that his

sister and niece were both members. In consequence of my inquiries, and some other concurring circumstances, it was soon noised abroad that a preacher from Dublin had arrived. I received a very polite invitation from Mr Drainsfield, the keeper of the inn, to make his house my home while I staid in town, and a pressing message from one of the most ostensible members in society, to preach in the methodist chapel that evening. I received all their kindness respectfully—returned my grateful thanks, but declined their favours, not through fastidiousness, but because I felt myself unfit and unprepared for entering upon those solemn duties, the performance of which, once constituted my supreme felicity.

At noon I proceeded on my journey, towards the mansion of my friends. The road was rugged, and the scenery was still less inviting, although in view of the far famed mountains of Moran, from whence Ossian called his bravest heroes. When I drew near the house, I was quite charmed with its lovely situation. Within a few paces of the clifted shore, on a lofty hill, commanding a very extensive view of steep and frowning rocks, covered with the gelid growth of spiral plants,

stood the venerable cottage of repose and peace. When I contemplated the remote and silent loneliness of the place, I felt a glow of sympathy heightened by the murmurs of the wave that slowly mounted on the sloping bank below, and dashed against its fretted sides. The family I had never seen, but oft had heard their hospitable courtesy applauded. I therefore waited with a degree of impatience to be introduced. When I entered this abode of true milesian plainness, I was struck with the air of sweet simplicity that unmingled, decorated its frugal walks, and playful spoke in every face that pressed to welcome me within its hallowed shelter. But, ah! how soon the smile of pleasure changed to looks of doleful plight—just like the sun-beam, thwarted by a heavy cloud, it flees, and leaves the desart yet more bleak and chill.—So my visage caught sepulchral horror, when I heard that the whole family had embraced religion, and marked in the circle a preacher, one who knew me well. He had but just arrived—was married to my cousin, and was come to make a fortnight's visit with her friends. On seeing me, he seemed surprised—had doubtless heard that my religious life was closed, and eyed

me with a look which spoke a volume.—For several days, with unparalleled effrontery, I hid the fell misfortunes that had burst upon my soul, and bore the stings of conscience with a courage, ill befitting such a guilty rebel—one who had now estranged his heart, his all, from him who best deserves our warmest, unabating, fervent love. I traversed the hills, and from their lofty summit, ofttimes watched the last departing rays of heaven's bright luminary—followed the tinge of mellow lustre, whose soft shade of twilight quick retired, as darkness robed each object in her ebon garb, and entered on her dismal reign.—How like the gradual sinking and decay of christian graces in my soul!—Alas! (I would exclaim,) no light divine now 'lumes my darksome road—no morning rises to announce my hopes renewed, or bid me welcome to the approving salutations of my God.

One evening, when returned from a fishing excursion, and whilst indulging reflections of a gloomy nature, uncomfortable and unhappy, "Baxter's Saints' Everlasting Rest" was produced by Mr. Nelson, the minister before whom, at first, I felt so ashamed and guilty. He read some pages, with the hope (as he afterwards a-

vowed) that they might be rendered a blessing to me, and prove salutary in their effects towards the re-assembling of my scattered thoughts. The subject was admirably suited to arrest the listless sinner, and rouse the careless from lethargic slumber. I started as from a trance.—He was describing the forlorn and miserable state of being to which man had reduced himself, and entreating the watch-guard tented round poor Zion's camp, to blow the signal for despatch; that foes were near, and threatened fire and slaughter, immolation, slavery and death.

Shocked at the picture—just awakened to a sense of danger—no other theme could force itself within the passage to my heart.—All other strings, untuned and unharmonious, spoke not—but the rush of sad responding sounds, that now re-echoed back from one lone chord—swept the briny river from my eyes, and dwelt like echo on my feverish brain. I considered, and tried to molify the wound.—It was a momentary thought—when at length I darted like the fearful fawn from where I had reclined; and not knowing whither to direct my steps, fled at the first opening I could find, and found myself advancing through a shade of fruit trees, that

were planted in a spacious garden. When sufficiently retired from observation, I began to reflect on the situation I was now reduced to—contrasting my former voluntary submission to the divine will, and the reciprocation of unspeakable felicity which had raised and elevated all my thoughts, with the awful, hopeless agonies that now possessed my mind. I had crucified the Son of God afresh. I dare not attempt to palliate my crime.—I knew that none but dastard cowards would desert their colours, when the battle raged to fury.—What I long deplored was now my hapless state. Ah! thought I, the woe is hanging like a heavy tempest o'er my guilty head, already ripe with black contending elements, and will soon o'erwhelm the Jonah who would flee "the presence of his Lord." But, alas! when summoned by dread *Gabriel's* trump, which soon will trill through every tomb, and bid the sleeping sinner rise to judgment, what account shall I give in of time, of talents, murdered in their opening prime.——I dwelt on the thought——Flakes of fire issued from the pit beneath, and hissing, glared upon the spirits of the damned.—Yelling cries, in piercing, hollow shrieks, rent the air—"And there arose a smoke

"out of the pit, as the smoke of a great "furnace; and the sun, and the air were "darkened by reason of the smoke of the "pit."——Ten thousand thunders shook the mighty dome of heaven. I was in the twinkling of an eye, borne from mid a thronging host of naked wretches,* whose frantic gestures spoke dismay and deep perplexity.

I gave a fearful look towards earth—blazes spread from pole to pole—the stars as from their sockets hurled, were mixing with "the wine press of the wrath of God," and streaked, like flaring comets, through the midst of ether.—Chaos triumphed o'er the wreck of crumbling worlds, "and, lo! there was a great earth-"quake; and the sun became black as "sackcloth of hair, and the moon be-"came as blood. And the heaven depart-"ed as a scroll, when it is rolled togeth-"er; and every mountain and island were "moved out of their places." I sought, in vain, for some unshapen, rocky fragment to fall and crush me in its ruins—called loudly on a mountain that was

* "Behold, I come as a thief—Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame."

tumbling in the spreading flames, to hide me from the presence of my judge, "for "the great day of his wrath is come, and "who shall be able to stand:" the mountain quick dissolved, and left me. In an instant I was hurried to the judgment bar, whose lustre quite outshone the sun; and on a throne extended far, sat him from whom "the earth and the heaven fled a-"way. And I saw the dead, small and "great, stand before God; and the books "were opened. And another book was "opened, which is the book of life."—— And the eye of God fell on all my crimes. I was called to look—and lo! my hours appeared a dreaded train—midnight told her horrid tales. The sneer of proud contempt——the scornful laugh——the ready smile——when mournful sorrow should have chained my features. These scarce retired, when from the shining hosts that hung in glittering millions round the throne, a sacred figure in majestic robes, appeared as a witness, to pronounce me guilty of the basest sin—even cursed ingratitude——foulest, vilest of that train which shot their baneful influence from the lake below, to tarnish innocence with spotted guilt.——Good God! . . . I traced the well known features of my dying pa-

rent.* Convulsed with horror, I bewailed my bitter fate.—This was aggravated misery——while conscience, like an ill-omened bird of prey, gnawed upon my vitals. Every secret of my heart was now revealed, and every sin, in black and foulest characters, unmasked. I saw that justice frowned, and loudly called for vengeance.—Sternly she had demanded blood —a Saviour's stained her flaming sword; but I had not yielded.—Proud, stubborn, and rebellious, I would none of his reproofs; and now I must lie down in endless sorrow, and eat the fruit of my own doings.

A solemn pause ensued.————The angels on seraphic wings, gathered in splendid groupes around Him, who is the "Alpha and the Omega; the first and the last." The saints, in all their rich and shining garments, gazed in rapture on the Lamb.—I saw the crown† that once was mine, upheld, now dart a thousand gems of light around. I strove to close my eyes.——But, no!——A speechless

* "Do ye not know that the saints will judge the world."

† "Behold I come quickly: hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."

tremour seized my guilty soul.—A dark and frightful void opened beneath my feet, while a voice like the "sound of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings," broke the vast profound of silence, and aloud reverberated through the sparry pillars of the sky—"Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."——The devils fastened on me—hell let forth a belching sound, as when volcanoes burst disgorging rocks and burning lava. An amen from voices round the throne, sank to the caverns of the yawning abyss—— "And there were voices, and thunders, "and lightnings; and there was a great "earthquake, such an one as was not "since men were upon the earth, so migh-"ty an earthquake and so great." I struggled—my blood ran cold.———

Reader!—awake! . . . . Art thou without the wedding garment?—Make ready —see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven.———Fly quick—haste! —e'en now the strong lung'd angel "sets his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot upon the earth,"—behold, he lifts "up his hand to heaven, and swears by Him that liveth forever and ever, that there shall be time no longer."

"He comes, he comes, the Judge severe,
"The seventh trumpet speaks him near;
"His lightnings flash, his thunders roll—
"What terror to the guilty soul."

Pierce the strongest bars—look!—all hell is at thy heels.—"Gird up thy loins—lay aside those weights—part with thy pleasures—hold them at thy peril. The price of blood is in thy hands—wash ye, make ye clean—put away the evil of thy doings from before mine eyes—learn to do well." The avenger of deep stained blood gains upon thy footsteps. Hear that solemn toll.—What means it? 'Tis the knell of thy departed hours—'tis time on ready wing, that with her tongue, yea, many tongues, cries out "*Prepare for Judgment!* . . . . . Hark—that groan——Thy beloved companion is no more. . . . . Another peal awakes thee from thy slumber, and lo! a parent dies. Again thou art roused, as daily tidings mark the progress of the staunch enfuriate murderer, who, unsatisfied, this moment watches for his prey. Whilst thine eyes are cast in careless musing o'er these pages, the stroke of vengeance may be near to cut thee down.—Heaven is at stake—all heaven.—Oh! lose it not for one poor grain of sordid joy.—Exchange it not for baubles of

an earthly make. May these words gain admission to your breast, and prove a lasting blessing to your never dying soul.—Oh, God! make thine arrows sharp in the hearts of thy enemies.

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I started from my reverie, and pursuing my course through the garden, was arrested by the embowering branches of an aged summer-house. I stopped again, as the agitation into which the above reflections had thrown my spirits, was indescribable. My situation was distressing, was heart-appalling.—All around me was still and silent as the tombs—nor stir'd a leaf, nor zephyr whistled. A greyish mist hung o'er the bosom of the wave whose waters through the day were rough, and loudly beat in snowy surges on the shore. —But now no murmur broke upon the listening ear. Evening's deepest shade skirted the distant horizon, and stretched her murky mantle along the wide-extended landscape.

Alas! thought I, on entering, were there such an hiding place in eternity's immense, unbounded space, what numbers, with eager haste, would press for shelter beneath its venerable arms. No spot, no home, no covert there. The clustered vineyard,

with the sloping lawn, the amaranthine bower and the shady grove, where'er fond nature trod and bounteous strewed her copious sweets, or lavished the luxury of her liberal stores, will vanish, like the glowing meteor's flash, or sink like bubbles on the passing stream.

"Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
"Bears all its sons away;
"They fly forgotten, as a dream
"Dies at the op'ning day."

I cast myself in gloomy wretchedness on the moss-grown seat, embrowned by time; ashamed to deprecate the ire of heaven's incensed arm, or fearing that the scales of Justice, in their balance fair, had weighed my crimes, and Hope, affrighted at the debt I owed, had fled, never more to gild my skies, or her pinions waft me to "Jerusalem, my happy home."

I knelt down——the moisture of the evening dew spangled the yellow blossoms of a branching laburnum that had grown among the clasping jessamine, and festooned with clinging honeysuckle, the vaulted ceiling of the arbour.

Strange as it may appear, an unaccountable enthusiasm stole over my senses, and elicited to my fancy a delicious train of romantic feeling.—A whispering gale that

moment rushed through the intermingling leaves, and nearly annihilated every religious sentiment of my soul.

Oh how inviting is the syren's voice, and how easy are the conquests of that wolf in sheep's clothing, who would deceive the very elect. What a loud call for close, vigilant, and continual watching. If man be the creature, yea, the slave of his own passions—his very best resolves mingled with the foul ingredients of a sinful heart, even whilst within the precincts of a holy musing, and apparently devoted—lost in the contemplation of celestial joys, he becomes the fated minion of his lusts, and sheds a blacker mist between his soul and a jealous God, who will not give his glory to another, nor his praise to graven images.

Scripture leaves on record examples of the like nature, showing us that man is still a mutable being. "All flesh is grass, and the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field." Peter, who once trod the bounding billows, and on whose expression of an active genuine faith, Christ declared he would build his church—whose fidelity, attachment to his master, and vigorous courage, were such, that no one could even suspect him of disaf-

fection, cowardice, and blasphemy—yet, while his hand returns the sword within its scabbard, which he had drawn to defend his master's life—and whilst echo holds his boasting words,* shrinks—retires within the bombastic promises, and worse than rebel, denies he ever knew the Saviour—accumulating guilt and perjury with oaths and curses. Poor Peter, thou hadst a gracious friend in him whose ear was pained to hear thee thus return such base and ill-timed usage, for the most unexampled love. Dangerous are the resolves of man, and numerous the motives used, advanced, and offered to seduce him from his purpose. Nothing less, therefore, than steady, persevering, quick refusal, will answer satan. If we but tamper with his snares, or let their outside garb attract us, we become entangled in his net; exposed to risk, and stripped of all our armour. Deception is ever on his tongue, but malice reigns unrivalled in his heart, the only bosom friend he loves. Hear him not. The music of his tones may win attention from thee.—"Resist the devil and he will flee from you." But do it

* "Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended."

courageously—do it quickly—do it now. If you rally all your powers, assisted by the grace of God, and meet his first attack with firm and studied boldness, he will sink appalled, and startled at your courage.

"The weakest saint shall win the day,
"Though death and hell obstruct the way."

I continued on my knees—resolved to perish or to know my backslidings healed, and all my sins forgiven. I pleaded the promises—they were still mine. I was importunate. Mercy, as she sat attendant on the Saviour's throne, beheld the adversary throw his deadly weapons at my soul, and stooping, received the poisoned shafts within her breast. Calvary's bloody victim in his crimsoned vest, ensteeped in blood and tears, met my closing eyes—the streams gushed from every wound, as he gently drew the plaited fold aside—and oh! I sank o'erwhelmed with shame and guilt. I looked again—his finger pointed to his side—and there my name appeared inscribed upon his heart. I saw it beat, yet cleft in two—an open fountain, wide, where all might wash.——He whispered peace.

" Another look he gave, and said
" I freely all forgive ;
" This blood was for thy ransom paid—
" I died that thou might live."

I wept bitterly—mourned over the depravity of my heart, and with slow and measured steps, returned into the house; resolving that I would shake myself from the dust, and no more be found in social intercourse with those who are strangers to the covenant of Promise, nor be abased by inviting dalliance with my Redeemer's foes. I had already, like the idolatrous Israelites, broke an express command, by making alliances with those nations who are God's declared and inveterate enemies; and now I was determined, through grace divine, to " crucify the flesh with the lusts thereof," and " have no communion with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them."

At perfect liberty to make choice of God for my only portion, and with a mind wholly disenchanted from the power and dominion of satan, I retired to my couch to seek a respite from the cares and troubles of a weary, toilsome, day. " When " thou liest down thou shalt not be a- " fraid, yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy " sleep shall be sweet."

I dreamed that I was standing on the banks of a small river that meanders through the town of Dundalk, and pours its waters into the ocean. I watched the rapid current of its stream, which rolled over a smooth bed of fine sand, the particles of which appeared like gold glittering in the sun beam. Whilst admiring the clear reflection of the rays that trickled o'er its bosom, I was attracted by a net that was let into the river before my eyes, yet there was no person near but myself. I hesitated, considering what would be the event; but perceiving no mortal, I thought it a good opportunity to try my fortune, and immediately applied myself to the task of wading in and drawing the net to shore. With but little trouble I succeeded, and on examining, behold, it was full of large fishes.

My surprise was such, and the expressions of my astonishment so great, that I awoke. The words of Christ to his disciples, struck me with peculiar force and interest: "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men." I humbly bowed, nor questioned but the angel of the Lord had made a visit to my chamber, for the purpose of inspiring me with renewed ardour in the cause of God, and spurring

on my feeble efforts to advance his glory. Without giving any special reasons for my departure to the family where I resided, I set out for Dundalk, as did Abrabraham's servant, hoping that while in the way, providence would prosper my journey.

The day was extremely beautiful, and nature put on her most lovely attire. The sun had risen in cloudless glory, and smiled upon the world.—The opening rosebud hasted to receive the illustrious guest, and scatter in the gale her fragrant perfume—while the little warblers of the grove made music, as they sang their morning matins—

> "And the shrill matin song
> "Of birds on every bough."

Happy morning—methinks transported by the fondness of my heart for home—memory gives life to every spot, and bids me wind along the gurgling rill, or ranging through my native wiles, now opens to the view my green sward mountains, checkered with some brown and shelving rocks, where shaggy goats browse in listless ease, and where the eagle builds her lofty nest, unfrequented by the step of man.—Hush, wanderer, bid these scenes adieu.

When I arrived in town, I sought out those persons whose kind offices had been so pressing, and from whom I had received tokens of special regard, and offered my services, even to be a hewer of wood or a drawer of water, so that I might advance the kingdom of the Messiah. I also informed them that I had backsliden in heart, although not in life; but that I was like the prodigal—had come to myself, and was now made willing to return to my father's house, and become his hired servant. I was a stranger, yet they took me in, and freely opened their chapel for me to hold as many meetings as I chose. The same evening I attempted to speak, after lying dormant for near a year. But few attended, and I felt, whilst speaking, a weight press round my heart. On Saturday evening, I held another meeting, but with no apparent success, which made me cry unto the Lord, and with the Psalmist I lifted up my voice, and said, "I am "poor and needy; make haste unto me, "oh, God, thou art my help and my de- "liverer: Oh, Lord, make no tarrying."

On Sabbath morning I rose at an early hour. It was in the month of July.—The sun was just peeping over the eastern hills, without a cloud in all heaven's az-

ure—playful breezes fanned the verdant meads, and breathed a fragrant odour to the senses. The carol of the soaring lark and chirping of the feathered songsters, all contributed to soothe my soul, and hush the anxious apprehensions of a mind disordered by despair, and tainted with a foul distemper. I had been tossed by troubles, and shattered by temptations—had wandered through the richest scenery of Erin's dear sequestered woods, and under the over-arching roofs of many a mossy grot, watched the babbling stream, breaking in wild disorder o'er the craggy rocks, and murmuring at my feet, in places where endless variety and myrtled bowers excited the most refined rapture. —But the language of the poet was even then, mine.

"How tedious and tasteless the hours,
"When Jesus no longer I see,
"Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs
"Have all lost their sweetness for me.
"The mid summer sun shines but dim;
"The fields strive in vain to look gay—
"But when I am happy in him,
"December 's as pleasant as May."

Poor Butterfly—in all thy gaudy dress, lighting on beds of violets, and wandering from flower to flower, in search of

honied sweets, never weary in thy fond pursuits. While the skies are calm, and summer lasts, thou art found revelling in joy, and swallowed up in thoughtless gaiety. As long as Ceres, in ripening glory, spreads the landscape with perpetual smiles, thou art happy, nor carest for future hours, nor layest up treasures for a day of need: But soon the biting frost will nip thee in thy prime, and conquer all thy charms.—No more wilt thou be seen gaily fluttering through the grove, or sipping honey from the flowret's blush. —Poor foolish reptile—worm and dust—go, strip thy glossy wings, and learn of those, who, less inviting, creep upon the earth, and spend their sunny moments to procure a feast when winter mantles every scene with gloom, whilst thou liest cold and starved on icy pillows, a memorable monument of self-indulgence. "Go to "the ant, thou sluggard, consider her "ways and be wise; which, having no "guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her "meat in the summer, and gathereth her "food in the harvest."

"Go to the ants: for one poor grain,
"See how they toil and strive;
"Yet we, who have a heav'n t'obtain,
"How negligent we live."

The meeting-house was not open; but after some trouble I procured the key, and entered it alone, solemnly prostrating myself before the majesty of heaven, and renewing my covenant vow, "for God to live and die"—and rose up, refreshed by the droppings of Christ's Sanctuary, and prepared for the exercises of the day.—"Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, and forget "not all his benefits, who forgiveth all "thine iniquities; who healeth all thy "diseases."

In the evening, after preaching, I proposed to as many as were present, who felt the need of a Saviour, and were resolved to lead a new life, and flee from the wrath to come, to rise and offer themselves penitently on their bended knees, as subjects proper to be presented for intercession at a throne of grace. I had not to wait one second, when numbers rose, and pressing through the croud, came forward, begging for mercy. Here, in this one instance, my dream was interpreted; and in a few days, upwards of seventy joined the methodist church; many of whom, I have reason to believe, are now burning and shining lights in the world. A number of the regiment stationed in the town, were seriously awakened to a sense of

their deplorable condition while without Christ, and far from God; particularly a colour sergeant, whose name was Williams, now in St. George's, Island of Bermudas, who was then hopefully converted, and gave very favorable promises of becoming a good soldier in the christian army.

I now felt in my peculiar element—calamity could not assail me——adversity could not make me smart.—Safely I rode affliction's stormy wave, like Noah's ark, the deeper swelled the heaving waters, the higher I rose, triumphant towards mount Pisgah's top, and viewed

> "Blest Canaan's fair and happy land,
> "Where my possessions lie."

The following week I visited a very retired, but ancient town, fifteen miles north of Dundalk, called Carlingford. In times of chivalry, this town was renowned for its strength; although now it presents to the eye of the traveller, nothing of its former consequence, but a few old Gothic castles, grey with age, and mouldering into ruins. The inhabitants are a hardy race of fishermen. Their oysters are reputed to be the best in Ireland, and are brought in great quantities to Dublin.

As there were many methodists in the place, I tarried with them a few days, and was courteously entertained. The appearances of religion were favourable—many were quickened, and the Redeemer's name glorified in the conversion of souls.

From thence, I proceeded to a small village, singularly romantic, called Fork-Hill. At the bottom of a high and rugged mountain, in the bosom of a lovely vale, surrounded with the most enchanting beauties, stood a small but neat meeting-house. As I had arrived before the time appointed for divine worship, I took a solitary walk through this little paradise, meditating on the goodness of God; admiring his handy work, and praying for grace to keep me in that peace of mind which passeth all understanding.

In the midst of my meditations, I was accosted with a friendly salutation, by an honest rustic, and invited within his rural cot, to partake of a frugal repast before preaching. The native goodness and hospitality of this Irish peasant, appeared so evident from the manner in which he expressed his wishes, and shone so bright in his time-worn countenance, that I was immediately prepossessed in his favour,

and gladly accepted of his kind invitation. He had been a member of the methodist society for many years, and truly lived an example of self-denying christianity.

After supper, we attended meeting. It would have pleased my American readers, were they to have seen my congregation, who were all dressed alike—the men in their best Sunday clothes, (grey frieze) and the women with scarlet cloaks and checkered aprons. The Irish women are attached to scarlet, and in many places they wear no other colour.

Here I would remark, as an honourable mention of all classes in Ireland, they are never known to act indecorously while within the walls of any temple dedicated to the Lord of Hosts—and they would think that man worse than an infidel, who would dare disturb any religious meeting. It is natural for them to revere every house of prayer, and, except when intoxicated, they are generally solemn in their churches.*

* Although this is strictly true, as it respects houses of public worship; yet, when meetings are held in private houses, or in the streets, at such times the spirit of satan takes full scope in wickedness, and there are no bounds set to the malice of the mob.

I left this friendly society with feelings of sincere regret—never to meet them again this side eternity.—But then I hope to meet them where no parting hour will ever haste to tear us from the blest society of holy men, or separate those ties that bind us in the bundles of eternal love.—Oh! how do our souls long to burst these clayey dwellings, and over the waste of oceans, and through the opaque regions of the sky, to spread their wings for that celestial shore, where "God shall wipe all "tears from their eyes; and there shall be "no more death, neither sorrow, nor cry-"ing; neither shall there be any more "pain, for the former things are passed "away."

"Beyond the bounds of time and space,
"Look forward to that heavenly place,
"The saints' secure abode;
"On Faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
"And force your passage to the skies,
"And scale the mount of God."

I continued in Dundalk for one fortnight, till I was almost spent with fatigue and labour, and boldly called upon the people to repent, to turn and live, nor held my peace; but persevered in the good work of my prince and sovereign. Numbers kept flocking "as doves to the win-

dows," and songs of rejoicing issued from those who were once blind, but now were enabled to see, through the efficacy of the atonement.

Just at this period of joy and thanksgiving, I was called by the repeated and earnest entreaties of my family, again to mingle in the circles of the gay, where the adulatory multitude only bow as fashion calls, or vanity inspires.

"And let our bodies part,
"To different climes repair;
"Inseparably join'd in heart,
"The friends of Jesus are."

I bade my Dundalk friends adieu, with tears in my eyes, and while the carriage, which conveyed me from their sight, bounded along the rode, I fixed a mournful, disconsolate gaze on the town, until it was hid from my view. Oh! why am I thus formed! Cannot mountains, rivers, seas, or continents divide my heart? —No—impossible—

"No changes of season or place
"Would make any change in my mind."

Still thou wilt speak, and weep, and talk of home.—Farewell, my friends in Jesus, till we strike hands beyond proud Jordon's stormy wave, and death's cold flood,

" Where God the Son, forever reigns,
" And scatters night away."

There we will again mingle our voices in lasting strains of heavenly and divine music, and sing hosannas through the courts of glory.—Soon the everlasting gates, with wide expansive fold, will open to receive us, and the King of Glory welcome us to mansions of eternal blessedness.

" Oh, what a joyful meeting there,
" In robes of white array'd ;
" Palms in our hands we all shall bear,
" And crowns upon our head."

Amen!—Lord Jesus—come quickly!

It would be uninteresting to my readers, were I to minutely describe the exercises of my mind, on my return to Dublin. Suffice it to say, that in a very few months they were as painful, yea, more complicated than ever. I was rowing against both tide and stream—tugging like the galley slave, in horrid bondage—but still the desired haven was at a distance. Many circumstances combined to limit my powers and dull my apprehensions.—My spirit, although more like the foaming cataract than the slow steady stream, now for want of vent, and through the drought that prevailed among professing christians, became stagnant, and gradually settled

into cold indifference. Feeble and insufficient were my exertions to save my vessel from the surrounding rocks.

A division took place in the society to which I was attached, which, with many other causes, operated as a mean to undermine the very foundation of my hopes.

I was ready to pray with Job, "Oh! "that I might have my request, and that "God would grant me the thing that I "long for, even that it would please God "to destroy me."

At this time, the death of an amiable sister, who was taken away in the bloom of life, evidently was intended by Providence, as a solemn warning to all her family. "For the Son of Man cometh "at an hour when ye think not. Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, "when he cometh, shall find watching." She had enjoyed good health from a child, but had been complaining for some months of a great depression of spirits, that preyed upon her constitution. In the first stages of her disorder, there was no danger apprehended, nor did her physicians consider her case as hopeless. A change of air and proper exercise were highly recommended; but notwithstanding the united efforts of care, medicine, and strict

attention, she gradually decayed, and left us no hope of beholding her long an inhabitant on the shores of time. Her mind had become deeply impressed with anxious concern for the welfare of her soul, at the period when I was called to embrace the gospel, and probably the impression had never been wholly erased; although since that time she had mixed with the world, and partook of all its pleasures—still there was a something that lingered within, to blight her hours, and convince her of the instability of every human stay to support her soul, while sinking by the pressure of disease and sickness.

When she was confined to her room, and rendered incapable of associating any longer with her gay companions, she turned her languid eye to the cross, where weary pilgrims rest, and where true felicity only can be found. She cried earnestly as from the depths of her soul, and with Mary, washed the feet of her precious Lord in repentant tears of sacred grief.—He was not unmindful of her sorrows, but appeared in her behalf, opening the treasures of his love, and feeding her with his broken body. The consolations of his spirit cheered her while in the lonely solitude of her chamber, extracting all

those thorns that long had rankled in her heart, and blessing her with an indiscribable sensation of inward joy, far surpassing all those imaginary feelings which the most exalted ideas of human splendour could impart. She applied herself at midnight, when she could not sleep by reason of the torture which her frame endured, in committing to memory hymns that were adapted to her situation, and longing to be dissolved that she might be with Christ —and when her eyes grew dim by reason of the weight of her disorder, I have known her to spend a long sleepless night, in reciting those passages to which she was particularly attached.

If these pages meet the eyes of one who prides herself on every accomplishment this terrestrial paradise can afford, and towering above her native air, looks with proud indifference on all beneath—pleasing herself with the false idea that a long life of uninterrupted happiness awaits her, and smiles contempt on the warnings of an inward voice, that whispers, "This is not thy home"—behold one, who, like thyself, was once adorned with every accomplishment art or nature could bestow —blooming with the flush of health, and captivated with the soft enticing prospect

of unchanging bliss.—See the roses wither on her cheek—those sparkling eyes lose all their brilliancy and animation——life quivers through her once sylph-like form. Where, now, are all her charms?——Boast not thyself of beauty.—One touch from Him who hates thy pride, could now despoil thee of thy boasted honours—blast thee with the forked lightning's flash, and crush thee into atoms.

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,
"My ears attend the cry;
"Ye living men come view the ground
"Where you must shortly lie."

In a few weeks she was brought near the shades of evening.—Hers was a short lived summer's day. Oh! how did she lament those hours she toyed away in folly's pleasing maze—and as she looked upon her friends with a beseeching attitude, would cry out, "Do—do prepare for a sick bed."——Death soon clouded her view, and steady aimed his iron sickle, to cut down as fair a flower as ever catched the rays of heaven.

A few minutes before her gentle spirit quietly reposed, and slept in Jesus' fond embrace, I saw her.—Serene and placid was her brow, while her eyes were absorbed in heavenly musing. I fell on my

knees at her bedside, and kissing her poor pallid cheek, where the tears of fond regret dropped upon her forehead—cold and moistened with the dews of night.——I whispered faintly, farewell.—She looked full in my face——and in tremulous accents, returned, "But not forever—meet me in heaven."——She faltered—lifted up her hands, and blessed a *brother*.—Sweet innocent——adieu.

Reader—if thou hadst known this sister, thou wouldst weep. I loved her—tenderly loved her. If my prayers could make her stay; or tears embalm her, they were hers. But she is fled—transported to the bosom of her God. The memory of the just is blessed. Oh! may the recital of her happy end excite in my youthful readers an ardent desire to follow her footsteps, that they may be found among the happy number of those who will hear with joy the words of Christ, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit "the kingdom prepared for you from the "foundation of the world."

I had been near four years trying to realize an independence for my family; but all my purposes had been defeated—every effort had proved unsuccessful—and now, when my affairs were again investiga-

ted, my property was wholly sunk.—— Strange fatality—

"But endless is the list of human ills,
"And sighs might sooner fail than cause to sigh."

My punishment was severe, yet unsuited to the enormity and heinous nature of my offences. I had transgressed the plainest laws—sinned against the greatest light, and cruelly treated the kindest of friends. It is of the Lord's tender mercies that I am not consumed.

* * * * * * * *

When I conceived the intention of writing a brief account of my life and religious experience, it was my fixed determination to lay a statement of simple facts, undisguised, before my readers, with all those peculiar traits that have appeared so prominent in my character; fully convinced that Jehovah has had wise ends in view, by leading me through dark and thorny passages, and causing a destructive pestilence to sweep away each earthly comfort—blasting my fairest hopes, and blighting every bud of joy. He knew their influence was hostile to a life of true godliness, apt to lull the soul to sluggish rest, and appease that monitor within, whose daily knocks are much too frequent

for our peace. God only can penetrate his own designs, and compass objects which outreach the wisdom of a mortal: They may transfix our wandering eyes—but still eternity alone can tell the secrets of his will. I leave him, therefore, as the only competent judge of all my actions, as he reads what passes in the heart, and knows we are but dust.

It is true that I was not careful to hoard up the mammon of unrighteousness, "for the love of money is the root of all evil," but I am well assured that God hath ordered it for the better. My case may appear singular, yet I am strong in the belief that He whose hand has guided me to these Columbian shores, will continue to take charge of my affairs, and if I am faithful, will give me in this life, houses and lands, and mothers, and fathers, and relations, and friends, with persecution; and in the world to come, life everlasting. I would scorn to hide my imperfections, aware that I have very many foibles. I do wish fairly, candidly, and honestly to acknowledge my wanderings from God, ere I left my country—nor would I knowingly deceive any for the purpose of gaining their approbation, or courting their smiles. Having now adopted but one bu-

siness, which I hope, and do fervently pray may be my only employment while on earth, my hours, my talents, my breath, my soul, and all my ransomed powers, I cordially and devoutly dedicate to the service of the best of masters, humbly hoping that I shall never disgrace his cause again, but continue to preach Christ and him crucified, to both Jew and Gentile, bond and free--live and die in the harness, and on the walls of Sion, cry day and night to poor perishing sinners—till at last I shall hear my master pronounce these words, "Well done, thou "good and faithful servant: enter thou in-"to the joy of thy Lord."

"Oh, that each, in the day of his coming, may say,
"I have fought my way through;
"I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do.
"Oh that each, from his Lord, may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done;
"Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne."

* * * * * * *

Blunted by sorrow—my bosom impenetrable to the united shocks of deserting friends and waning happiness, no murmerings escaped my lips. I looked upon

the wreck of all my fortunes with the stupid gaze of the inanimate statue—waited each assault with fixed composure. Though enveloped in the mystery of a hidden fate, and girt about with sullen gloom, instructive were the lessons taught me in that hour. Oh! it is good for man to be wedded close to misery. We are inclined to rest at ease when all goes well with us; nor can we enjoy the sweet without acquaintance with the bitter; our mental relish would be cloyed, and vapid, tasteless joys would only suit us. But affliction's rod whips the truant to his Saviour's feet—drives him to the cross, when prosperity would have only fed his inbred lusts. Affliction breaks the enchanted web which satan weaves to stupify the senses, and purifies the soul from dross.——Friendly is her warning voice, for "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."

"Heav'n gives the needful, but neglected call;
"What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
"To wake the soul to sense of future scenes."

Desolation, now triumphant, sat around my dwelling, while Fortune, like the blasted serpent who had tempted Eve with fair and flowing speeches, viewed

the general wreck and smiled in envious mood.

See yon gallant vessel, proudly riding on the rushing wave—her canvass filled with gentle gales—bent on a voyage rich with India's wealth.—Behold she ventures out where Leviathan, monarch of the ocean, lashes the turbulent billow, and foaming, sports in wildest uproar—reckless of approaching danger, she outrides each storm, and shows her front to every stubborn sea———when, lo!—a sudden shock arrests her progress—a solitary plank gives way—a wider leak is sprung, and all the freighted burden sinks, far buried in unfathomable depths. So the towering castle, with her frowning turrets, scathed by the lightning's flame, or uprooted, torn from her rocky base by dreadful earthquakes, presents a stubborn lesson to aspiring mortals.

Reader, art thou forming plans to aggrandize, enrich, and make thee happy? Disqualified for every other business, art thou perpetually eying those imaginary trifles that amuse the man whose ambitious soul pants for honours of a fleeting nature? Or, dost thou seek those riches which the miner roots from the bowels of the earth? Is it the popular applause of

millions—mere insects of a day, whose unsteady loud acclaim is apt to change to imprecations? Or the fleeting caressses of the damask cheek, thou aspirest after? Search thy heart—each man has got an idol there; yea, a host of household Gods —some more richly clad and gaudily attired than others; but all alike are tributary to the infernal shades, and pay continual homage to their hellish lord.—— "Give me the full consummation of my wishes, and I am happy," saith the man whose only motive or desire for pleasure is urged by selfish appetite. Are not all the human family tinctured with this disease, and stained with inward growing malady—hurrying through the scenes of life, each man plays his little part, then makes his final exit—forgetting, and by all forgot—fills up his narrow niche, where church yards yawn, and feeds the worm he trod upon. And yet the perversity of his character is such, that he will not seek for divine support in stemming the domineering influence of his grosser passions, but, with the impetuosity of self indulgence, rushes headlong to the tottering brink of ruin—heedless of the dark, fathomless unknown, which yawns beneath his footsteps.

Were we to view ourselves as under the curse of a broken law, and exposed to the just anger of offended heaven—the bitter malediction in full force against us, and like the hand writing which made Belshazzer tremble, written in characters of blood, in words like these: "Thou art justly weighed, and found wanting in "every requisite that should form an in-"habitant for glory, or fit thee to receive "a seat at God's right hand." The sentence of death is pronounced and judgment came on all men to condemnation.—We are, therefore, already condemned, and lying under the daily increase of accumulated wrath—yet, fancying that all is well with us, and lulled to sleep while the most horrible deaths and tortures await us. Oh! how would the smallest omission of duty alarm us, were we to see those solemn truths in the blazoned page of God's immutable mind, and through the medium of a deep-felt, sore necessity, throw a wide and rapid glance to distant scenes, where, unpitied, undeplored, the wretched tenants of eternal night, famished, pale and ghastly, swell the horrid blasphemies of legions of devoted, foul, and fiend-like spirits.

For several weeks I was confined to my chamber, in consequence of general

debility, both of body and mind; and a complete depression of spirits immediately ensued. I had combatted the storm with due deliberation, nor once appeared to shrink from the afflictive task: But now, as I brooded o'er my misfortunes, the more bitter the cup of misery which providence had conducted to my lips, appeared to taste. At first my perspective powers were dimmed—a grievous thought never crossed my brain.—But when I began to study what means were most likely to produce a change in the posture of my affairs, the deeper I became embarrassed in sad and gloomy speculations, till my heart melted within me, surcharged with grief and overburdened with sorrow. Convulsive groans escaped from my afflicted, seared, and shattered bosom. Scarce arrived at the bloom of manhood, and yet so far depressed by the poignancy of acute and sensible retrospection, as to form a thick, impenetrable veil on every future prospect—heightening the melancholy influence of despair, and arresting every social current that had flowed in mild complacency from my heart. What a spectacle of wondrous transformation.—"For my sighings cometh before I eat, "and my roarings are poured out like the

" waters; for the thing which I greatly " feared is come upon me."

" Self-flattered, unexperienced, high in hope,
" When young, with sanguine cheer and streamers gay,
" We cut our cable, launch into the world.
" And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
" All, in some darting enterprise embark;
" But where is he can fathom its event?

This was a dark and clouded day—such as had never spread her visible mantle over my fate.—The scattered fragments of the past flung their ærial visions on the present, and poured no grateful bow of light across the naked void, which hung like sable curtains on the future. The habitual vivacity and cheerfulness of my character fled to boding night, quick as the sun retires in misty clouds, when winter frowns, nor left its mate to cheer me in the howling waste.

" In ev'ry vary'd posture, place and hour,
" How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy."

The last sound of former days had died on my ears, while with a heavy heart, one evening I was musing on the darkling road that lay before me. Briars and thorns, with many a rough unsculptured stone,

were scattered in wild confusion in the path,

> ——— "Perplex'd with doubts,
> "And sharp with thorns!"

No friendly arm was nigh to succour, strengthen, or support me.—I was alone and in my chamber—when a soft plaintive voice aroused me, by inquiring how I did. I looked up, and recognized my brother William standing at my bed-side —I had not seen him for some time, as he had been on a visit with my brother-in-law, who is a physician, and lives in Bray, ten miles from Dublin. He appeared to be much affected on beholding my situation. The yellow hue of sickness obscured my eyes—my cheeks were pale and blanched by sorrow—the tones of my voice were low, melancholly, and dismal—and my whole countenance told a woful tale.

We conversed for some time on general topics.—He tried his liveliest sallies to diffuse a gleam of sunshine through my breast, and from one subject to another, gradually touched upon my misfortunes——proposed several very feasible methods for the recovery of my health, and the re-establishment of my business;

but none of them met my approbation, nor would I listen to any thing which might be a mean of ameliorating my undone situation—thinking that my hour was come, and resolved patiently to acquiesce in the decrees of heaven.

At length he paused———while his features brightened with pleasure, and all his appearance bespoke animated hope.—On a sudden he exclaimed, "One door is yet open; one star yet shines." "What do you mean," I replied. "Hark!" said he, "the land lies full before you—Canaan shows her rich and goodly vales."——He stopped—and for a moment appeared agitated—then continued, "The red sea,—a host of enemies—a rude uncultivated desert—and Jordan's rougher stream—intervene, and with many other dangers, must be surmounted ere we can reach that land of promise." A faint smile irradiated my face, as I could not conjecture what was passing in his soul. He at length explained his meaning by advising me to embark for America, in the first ship bound for any of her ports, and bid Ireland a long farewell.——I started from my pillow—and convulsively grasping his hand, exclaimed with vehemence, "No—William——never———I love my home

too well—nor shall my fell misfortunes tear me from its sainted sod. In weal or woe I'll hang upon her breast.—Her fostering arms will still surround me——— Soon—very soon, her clodded turf will close me in its verdant shelter, and the long grass grow uncropped upon my humble bed.———He looked on me——his full heart became too big for utterance.—One hand wiped the creeping straggler from his cheek, while the rising sob almost suffocated him; then, with energy, he replied, "I will leave my home—my friends —my prospects; break off every chain, and be your solace in each hour of sorrow, and pour the wine of consolation in your wounded heart." I was silent, astonished and perplexed. Without giving me time to answer, he continued, "Say but that you will accompany me, and I shall risk the consequences—brave all dangers—combat all foes—overcome all obstacles—pillow you on my bosom—and rock your griefs into forgetfulness, and lull your sorrows into rest." He then largely expatiated on the extensive fields that would open their rich and mellow ripeness, for the labourer to cull the sweets of harvest, and be abundantly repaid for his toil and suffering, in the kingdom of eternal rest.

These words caught my ravished senses, reanimating the latent spark of hope with vivid fire, and calling every languid feeling into action.

So the pibroch's martial music sounds from fair Scotia's hills, and swelling, carries echo to the peasant's cot, who, starting from his bed of furze, buckles on his rusty armour, and springing on the mountain's cliff, rallies round the standard of his chief.

The clouds parted—the mists fled—my melancholy vanished—the stone was rolled away—the everlasting gates flew open, while Bethlehem's bright and heaven-born star shot her divine and cheering rays across the distant gloom. "Sing, oh, "heavens! and be joyful, oh, earth! and "break forth into singing, oh, mountains! "for the Lord hath comforted his people, "and will have mercy upon his afflicted." "Thy mercy, oh, Lord, is in the heavens; "and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the "clouds."

That hour I became convinced, and throwing myself into the arms of so tender a brother, resolved to act just as he should dictate—promising that I would use every possible exertion to regain my former composure and strength of intellect—be his

companion to a distant clime, and share with unwearied fortitude, all the perils and difficulties that awaited us.

In a few days I recovered sufficient strength to leave my chamber, and walk abroad. My brother, in the mean while, attended to all the affairs of our journey, and provided for our immediate departure.

On the Sabbath before I left Dublin, I visited my affectionate mother, and bade her, I have no doubt, a last farewell. At parting, while on my bended knees, I received her benediction and forgiveness, as I was concious that in too many instances I had not sought her ease and comfort.——— One of my sisters, whose name is Mary, clung fast around my neck—my heart sickened, when I tore myself from her soft embrace. I cast a lingering look on each well known object. Oh! that last look! which spoke a long adieu.——— Mysterious heaven!—what a scene——— A fond—fond, family parted—severed—torn asunder.————I will not murmur ——I dare not murmur.

On the following morning, *a yet more tender, sad adieu took place*—and at the hour of twelve, on the first day of February, 1819, my brother and I embarked

in the brig Standard, Captain Caulfield, bound to Boston.

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Erin, with all thy landscapes, adieu ;
Lonely the sorrow that gathers soft dew—
Tracing what memory paints with a charm,
Fancy still waking with pressure so warm.
Lov'd were thy hillocks, bedeck'd with mild green,
Spangled with vallies that blossom between,
Breathes to the senses what e'er can beguile.
Circle the wretched with many a smile,
Soften the sorrows that gnaw at the heart,
Ease what is pungent, a heaven impart;
Yes, dearest Erin, with blessings like thine,
And treasures enriched with all that's divine,
I, hapless, am driven, a wanderer far,
Bereft of thy charms, on fortune's dire car.
Methinks while reviewing moments now fled,
Days that receding forever are sped,
With all fondest hopes enclasping delight,
That wrapt each young thought in morning's gay light.
My soul, as if torn from all it holds dear,
Without e'en a smile its bosom to cheer ;
Parting so dreadful, 'tis horror indeed,
Tortures each feeling in anguish to bleed.
Bleak was the moment I left its dear shores
Unconcious, the waves roll'd in murmering roars,
Its sea-beaten rocks with fury to part,
Rend with dire mis'ry the wanderer's heart.
Ah ! did they but know the tumult of soul
That mingles my cup and poisons my bowl,
Their murmurs would then in pity complain,
And waft me in peace to Erin again.

False hearted wishes in vain now may sigh,
My fate appears fix'd, and cast is the die;
Ne'er shall I press thee with social delight,
Dear place of my birth, for lo! it is night;
The shades of its curtain closes my view—
My heart, as if melting, whispers—*adieu.*

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As the city of Dublin gradually disappeared, and the fertile shores of my native home, sunk in the red'ning horizon, my sensations were such as I cannot describe. It all appeared like the vision of a night, and when dim discovered stars were introduced by the shaded twilight's dusky gloom, and the view became obscure, and the place of my birth vanished in the sable mantle of beclouded eve.—I sunk upon a heap of cordage, o'erwhelmed and riven to the soul. I could no longer restrain the flowing tears from gushing down my wo-worn cheeks. I closed my eyes and feasted on the past, and found my heart as waste, forlorn, and desert as Arabia's sandy plains.————My smiling babes—my————

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I inquired for my brother; but he was taken sick on entering the vessel, and had retired to his birth.—The sailors were all busily employed in preparations for the

night. I sought the social arms of gentle friendship—but, alas! all these congenial ties were broken; separated till doomsday. Behold the tender branch snapped off from its fondly cherished trunk.—See—it lies throughout the vernal hours of summer's fragrant breezes. No more it buds—no more the principle of life exists—no more throws out its opening beauties to refresh the eye or regale the senses—separated from its native stem, it withers, fades and dies.

On our leaving the Bay of Dublin, the weather was calm, and the sea almost as smooth and transparent as glass; but in a few hours a heavy gale sprung up, which had an immediate effect upon my frame, and produced one of the most unpleasant sensations I had ever experienced. I was seized with the sickness which is incidental to those who are strangers to a sea-faring life, and to add to my distress the vessel was ill provided for the accommodation of passengers.*

We were confined to our births for

* The vessel had never been fitted out for the reception of passengers; we therefore do not attach any blame to the Captain. There was but one gentleman more with us in the cabin, who suffered much inconvenience,

twelve days, in horrible agony, and almost distracted with pain; during which time we were held in perpetual suspense for the safety of our lives, as a severe tempest prevailed, with head winds and squally weather, our ship driving before the wind at the complete mercy of the devouring waves.

While in this wretched situation, I repented of my rashness in leaving my home, and changing it for the gloomy horrors of a raging storm. Every day we were threatened with destruction.—Squall after squall had broken up the sea, and roused the watery billows to a mountainous foam—now in imminent danger of sinking to a yawning chasm in the deep, and the next moment raised to the floating clouds. "With the blast of thy "nostrils the waters were gathered togeth-"er; the flood stood upright as an heap, "and the depths were congealed in the "heart of the sea."

My mind still kept foreboding evil, and brooding over despair, in anguish not to be described. I earnestly requested Captain Caulfield to put into some port, and thought, could I but touch terra firma once more, I would waft a long farewell to the land of liberty. He would not

listen to my entreaties—pleaded the danger that would attend such an unwarranted proceeding, and declared that the wind must soon alter, as it had blown so long from one point.

I was overworn with suffering, when on a sudden, the happy intelligence of fair wind and fine weather exhilarated my spirits, and dissipated the gloom from my brow. We therefore tacked about, and stood for the Atlantic, as we were as yet in the Irish Channel, in continual fear lest we should strike some sand bank, or dash against the shooting rocks which lie concealed some distance from our shores, and endanger the lives of those who are unacquainted with their situation.

On the following morning we saw the last vestige of land, and in a few days passed the mouth of the Bay of Biscay.

Here it is necessary to observe, that when my brother engaged our passage, he was not aware of Captain Caulfield's intention, as he originally advertised that he was bound for Boston; but being disappointed in freight for his vessel, he calculated on changing his course and steering for the Isle of Mayo to take in salt; and as my brother had settled with him previous to his making those arrangements, we

did not think it expedient to alter our first determination.

In the Bay of Biscay, the vessel was much injured by the contending elements —the sea running mountains high, drifting us from our due course : The storm was so severe that the helm was lashed, and all the ship's crew were on deck, ready for the approaching evil. The next day however, it abated, and we were enabled to return our grateful thanks to our kind protector, who lulled the winds, and bade the angry sea grow calm. "Oh! "how excellent is thy loving kindness, O "God ! therefore the children of men put "their trust under the shadow of thy "wings."

From this time, nothing remarkable occurred till we were in the latitude of the Madeira Islands, which we expected to see, but were denied that pleasure in consequence of the badness of the weather, which had prevented the captain from taking correct observations. This circumstance caused considerable uneasiness, and we lay-to all night to prevent the danger that might ensue, had we pursued our course ; the weather in these latitudes is generally pure and peculiarly salubrious. It was here we took the trade wind, which is pe-

riodical and continues to blow from one point generally for nine months in the year, seldom varying its motion. It was a pleasing change from Boreas' ruder blast which had so long rung in our ears. The alteration in the climate and the steady sailing of the vessel produced an instantaneous effect on my constitution and recruited my feeble frame, so wonderfully, that in a few days my health was fully restored. I can never sufficiently adore the all-wise providence of God, who, unknown, unseen, watched over me in the hour of peril, and interposed his arm between me and impending death. I had ample time to consult my better judgment, and meditate on the great benefits I might derive from the afflictive furnace I was called to pass through, were I but careful to improve each dispensation.—My heart often resounded with thankful praise, and my voice echoed songs of grateful joy. "Sing unto the Lord a new "song, and his praise from the ends of "the earth, ye that go down to the sea, "and all that is therein."

We were daily in the expectation of beholding the peak of Teneriffe, which is computed to be nearly three miles perpendicular. The weather being hazy we did

not perceive it until we were within a short distance of the Island. Its top was covered with snow, and enveloped in clouds.

The Canary Islands, of which Teneriffe is the most conspicuous and valuable, are in general fruitful, abounding in corn, wine, and oil—their climate mild and healthful—their hills continually resounding with the vocal harmony of those beautiful little birds (Canary birds,) which take the name of the country. Their wild notes are exquisitely delightful.——But, alas! Superstition holds her darkest court in the minds of the inhabitants, and no fertilizing shower is allowed to descend upon their thirsty souls. When will the spell-bound inhabitants of the globe be emancipated from the cursed thraldom of bigotry and gross idolatry?—When will the jubilee of those who sit in the valley of the shadow of death commence.—— When will the evening stars join the morning ones, and sing together; and every distant shore respond with heart-felt melody; the song of angels and all creation shout aloud for joy? "Awake, a-"wake, put on strength, oh, arm of the "Lord; awake, as in ancient days: for "from the rising of the sun, even unto

"the going down of the same, my name "shall be great among the gentiles."

March the fifth, we saw the Cape de Verd Islands, so called from a cape of that name, on the African coast, near the river Gambia, over which they lie, at the distance of three hundred miles. The air is excessively hot, and would be intolerable, only for the refreshing breezes which continually blow in these latitudes.

This cluster of islands is subject to the crown of Portugal; but their value is very inconsiderable, as there is no manifest desire in the inhabitants to improve what local advantages they possess. The natives are a mixture of Spanish, Portuguese and negroes—their language scarcely intelligible to strangers, and their appearance grotesque and affectedly important.

When the isle of Mayo appeared in sight, I was reading Zimmerman on Solitude, and lost in the pleasing retirement of his favorite subject. I was pleased with the sublime and elevated ideas which flowed from his pen, and could not help regretting that I had to leave his shady walks and cooling brooks, to hear the rude clamor of the seamen on the prospect of some relief from their laborious exercises. We were under the necessity of lying without

the harbour till daylight, as it was nearly dark when we came near the shore.

At ten o'clock on Sunday morning, March seventh, we cast anchor within a quarter of a mile of the town, in front of the governor's house.

The island of Mayo is small and insignificant in its appearance—its length but ten miles, and about three in breadth—inhabited principally by negroes.——— The country is very barren, unfruitful and rocky.

The governor was formerly a captain in the Portuguese service, and had but lately arrived in the island, which had hitherto been governed by a native; but from the frequent incursions made on them by pirates, who have of late years infested the Atlantic, it was deemed expedient to make arrangements for the permanent security of the inhabitants.

A few months previous to our arrival, a most unprovoked and malicious attack was made on these poor defenceless people. In the dead of the night, the crew belonging to a vessel which had arrived the day before, on pretence of taking in salt, pillaged the island—entered every house and carried off money and valuables to a con-

siderable amount. Since then, they have fortified the entrance of their harbour, and raised a body of militia, to prevent any future outrages on their lives and property.

The governor, from what knowledge I could derive from personal observation, is of a languid and supine disposition, incapable of energy, or not possessed of the ability to make any great improvement in the state of its laws or customs.

At twelve o'clock, the United States consul, with the health officer, came on board to examine the ship's papers, and invite the captain and passengers on shore. We accordingly accompanied them, and were introduced to the governor in his own house, surrounded by his officers, who treated us with politeness. From thence we went to the house of Mr. William Hodges, the consul, a native of Massachusetts. This gentleman's appearance and urbanity of manners, were highly interesting, and from our acquaintance with him, we were inclined to think favourably of the American character. His kindness to us, although strangers and foreigners, will not be forgotten while memory lasts.

We spent near a fortnight in this place

—visited a number of the inhabitants, and were much delighted with a view of the salt pits.

At certain seasons of the year there are spring tides, which the negroes call rollers, when the sea rises, and flowing over the sand banks which run along the coast for three miles, is received into a number of hollow places, where the water stagnates, while the heat of the sun forms a white crust on the surface, which in a few weeks becomes pure, crystalized salt.

For very urgent reasons, we left the brig Standard, which was likely to remain a fortnight longer at the island, and took our passage with an amiable and benevolent man, captain G. B. Coffin, in the brig Mentor, bound for New-York; and after taking an affectionate leave of our friends, we set sail on the twentieth day of March, with light breezes and pleasant weather.

Mr. Coffin was one of those very noble-hearted men, who are ever ready to suffer inconvenience themselves, for the purpose of alleviating the miseries of those around them. He proved to be a man of nice feeling, possessing generous principles, and a heart warmly expanding with love to all the human race. He fully answered our most sanguine expectations; anticipating

our wants and encouraging our hopes. We should be justly branded with an eternal stain of foul ingratitude, were we to pass unnoticed, the uncommon attention that he paid us, during our passage.

On the second day we passed close by St. Jago, where the Portuguese Viceroy resides; a rich, populous, and fertile island.

On the third day, lost sight of land, with a brisk breeze, going at the rate of nine miles an hour.

Oh! what wonders are to be seen while traversing the magnificent waste of ocean! How still more wondrous He who spreads such vast undulating sheets of water, upholding them by his mighty power, all for man's use, and subordinate to his wishes.——Yet how unthankful—— possessing superior dignity as a god—discerning the properties of good and evil—having the undisputed empire of this world to tread upon—environed with a crowd of blessings—yet misusing all these godlike powers to groveling and sinful purposes—the grandeur of his intellect lost in the base pursuit of gross, earth bound, perishable toys, dissonant and disgraceful to his high and lofty calling.

"An heir of glory; a frail child of dust;
"Helpless immortal—insect infinite—
"A worm—a god."

How great—how stupendous—how wonderful, are the works of Him who dwells in light inaccessible.

"These are thy glorious works, parent of good,
"Almighty, thine this universal frame,
"Thus wondrous fair! thyself how wondrous then,
"Unspeakable; who sit'st above those heavens,
"To us invisible, or dimly seen
"In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
"Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine."

The wide-extended plain, covered with plants, and fruits, and flowers—the cloud-capt mountains, frowning in sullen dignity, and the hills crowned with the luxuriant growth of spreading trees, or projecting with those frightful masses of craggy stone, which give a huge, gigantic outline to the picture. Nature touches with her magic pencil every scene—rudely scatters every necessary decoration, yet beautifully harmonizes all, till perfection smiles throughout her works, and earth and heaven in perfect symmetry combine, to bless that ingrate—man!

On the fourth day, we saw a number

of fly-fish, so called by sailors, and in the evening there were upwards of thirty flew on board. The dolphin is their most inveterate enemy, pursuing them with great velocity ; but just as they feel sure of their prey, the fly-fish, who is furnished with wings, darts out of the water and eludes his destroyer. However, they cannot fly a sufficient length to secure them from their foe, and are generally overcome and devoured.

The fourteenth, we were amazed to behold the sea covered with a kind of weed, as far as the eye could reach. This continued for several days—a sure sign to mariners of their near approach to the Gulf-stream. We experienced some very heavy thunder and lightning off Bermudas. The following day we were becalmed ; but in the evening entered the stream with a strong easterly wind.

Through the whole passage from the islands, we were favoured with the most delightful weather ; but this night a total alteration took place in the appearance of the sea, which broke on the deck of the vessel, and almost inundated the cabin.—Our dead-lights were immediately put in —all was darkness, dread and danger.—I was silent, thinking I should never see the

light of another day. The change was so sudden I became fearfully alarmed; nor could I compose my troubled spirits. Horrid conviction seized my mind, as I began to imagine that I was the *Jonah* who caused the tempest. On the other hand, I busily contrasted my present situation with that of those I had left behind. It was some time before I could be reconciled to my fate; and not until I had pondered on the past mercies of my good and gracious Parent, was I willing to deliver my soul and body into his keeping. At ten o'clock, I retired to my birth, there to await my deliverance, or meet, with becoming fortitude, a watery grave. I prayed with the psalmist, "Let not the watery "flood overflow me, neither let the deep "swallow me up; and let not the pit shut "her mouth upon me." "Hear me, oh, "Lord! for thy loving kindness is good."

I was soon roused from my meditations by a tremendous crash. I started from my birth, and crawled upon deck. All hands were engaged examining the cause of so sudden a shock. The elements were in complete commotion, and the winds howling most horribly. The vessel being deeply laden and not in good repair, she was every moment covered with rolling

seas, and hid in the white foam of breaking billows.

As I leaned on the companion-way, I beheld a scene which defies all description. The sky wore a dismal blackness—the rain descended in streaming floods—sheets of vivid fire ran along the naked spars, and threw their horrid flashes on the swelling surges, while the whistling blast shrilly murmured through the masts and rigging.

"When the fierce north wind with his airy forces,
"Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
"And the red lightning, with a storm of hail comes
"Rushing amain down,
"How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble!
"While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
"Shakes the creation."

A solemn awe insensibly stole to my heart. I returned to the cabin, and opening my bible, read the one hundred and forty-second psalm—commended myself to Him "who rides upon the stormy wave, and calms the roaring seas," and once more composed my mind to rest; "For I "have satiated the weary soul, and I have "replenished every sorrowful soul. Up- "on this I awoke, and behold my sleep "was sweet unto me;" for we had shot

across the gulf-stream, and passed all the danger unhurt. Blessed God! receive my dutiful and humble thanks.

In two days more, at four o'clock, on Wednesday morning, April 21st, 1819, we beheld the highlands of happy America! "and called the name of it Ebenezer, "saying, hitherto hath the Lord helped "us."

When, hark! from her shores a messenger came,
Peace was her language, blest *Hope* was her name;
Bade me no longer in sorrow appear—
Broke in mild glory my bosom to cheer;
Fixing my gaze where the eagle aspir'd,
And spread her broad wings in splendour attir'd;
Full gleam'd on America's happier coast,
With stars all illumin'd—her glory—her boast.

In distance thus viewed, *she* dried up my tears,
Then chas'd far away my ignoble fears—
Hail'd the strong breeze that now wafted along,
With pleasure re-echoed liberty's song,
Lull'd all my sorrows, and hush'd e'en the sigh
That lurk'd in the heart, or glisten'd my eye;
Smooth'd the rude billows and burst the black cloud—
Bade Fancy, well pleas'd her images crowd
With prospects that 'pear'd with Erin to vie—
Painted with azure the stranger's bleak sky,
Perfuming each sense with roses in bloom,
Snatching his pow'rs from an earlier tomb,
Touching each rainbow with colours so bright,
Changing the landscape from darkness to light.

Never did a poor shipwrecked sailor hail with more joy or ecstacy, the prospect of enclasping those he loved, and once more treading the safe retreats of innocence and ease, than I hailed Columbia's shores. It was late in the evening when we came to anchor. The same night the captain carried us on shore—and now, after the wonderful and intricate providences of God, we land safely in the city of New-York—strangers in a strange land. "For I am "a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as "all my fathers were."

In the morning I inquired for the methodist ministers, and was directed to Mr. Crowell, who then resided in Second-street. I conversed with him freely; relating to him the particulars concerning my situation in life, and my feelings with regard to preaching the gospel; but received no encouragement whatever. My first advances were repulsed by hearing a circumstantial detail of incidents relating to foreigners, who were daily in the habit of deceiving the inhabitants of New-York. I consequently forebore to urge my case, and retired from his presence, admiring his candour, and relying on his piety; but determined that I would be more cautious in advancing my sentiments for the

future.* He had recommended me to a methodist family, where my brother and I could board for the present.

Gracious God!—after all my sacrifices, here my dark destiny continued.——Like Cain, wherever I wandered, misery obtruded, and desolated every coming day. Unceasing played the engines of destruction on my poor devoted head, and pity wept her heart away to see me thus destroyed, a wretched monument of God's displeasure. After keeping a long watch on deck—counting up each little moment; pouring over blessings yet to come—gazing fondly on the day, though absent, when a free soul would gather bliss on liberty's blest land, and breaking every fetter, rove unshackled through Elysian's rest. That long wished for day had arrived—when, lo! as I spring upon the hallowed sod, an iron hand seizes me in its sordid grasp, and binds me yet a closer slave to earth.

Wretched, wretched man! forsaken by thy God, and groaning in a pent up dungeon. When shalt thou emerge from the

* Mr. Crowell conducted himself towards me as a stranger, perfectly consistent; nor was his conduct derogatory to the character of a christian and a gentleman.

grim solitude of the desert? Where are those charms of which freedom boasts?—Can pestilence blast their beauty; or distort their loveliness? Can the niggard miser shrivel up the smile of welcome into cold contempt; or palsy the well-strung arm, whose ample stretch waits to embrace the lone, deserted stranger? Or is it bugbear fancy conjures up the colossal statue, as a beacon to invite the wretched to its strong and sturdy bulwarks? Where are those crowded stars whose enclustering spangles create a world of day? enlightening breasts where midnight pensive reigned, and thawing frozen hearts with beaming gladness. Are they bedimmed and shrouded as my wayward fate? Is the planetary system changed, and its celestial bodies moved beyond the burning influence of the sun? Can darkness usurp the starry seats of heaven, and rule the vast concavity above?

Haste, ye quick revolving suns, and bring me day. Lend me your lustre—hand out your globulous lamps—spar the stranger's sky—illume the dreary ruin.—Alas! the fiery ordeal was not yet over—nor the rebel fully punished for desertion. "And I will bring the third "part through the fire, and will refine

"them as silver is refined, and will try "them as gold is tried." Blindfolded, onward still I moved—borne down by weighty loads of heaped up wrath, and dragging out a miserable existence. "I "am weary of my groaning: every night "wash I my bed, and water my couch "with my tears."

I was brought, while in New-York, to experience many difficulties to which I was unused. The language of St. Paul was admirably suited to my situation.— "By honor and dishonor; by evil report "and good report; as deceivers, and yet "true; as unknown, and yet well known; "as dying, and behold, we live; as chas- "tened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet "always rejoicing; as poor, yet making "many rich; as having nothing, and yet "possessing all things."

Much has been said with respect to my real situation in that place. It is sufficient to state, that I was in an honorable employment; one which I adopted rather than be idle, or live a dependant on the bounty of others.

My brother at this time received a letter from Ireland, which stated that my mother's health was on the decline; in consequence of which, he entertained se-

rious thoughts of returning home; besides, his worldly prospects were not flattering in New-York, presenting but little hope of his obtaining practice in his profession, which is that of a physician.—But he could not think of leaving me alone, as we were so attached to each other's habits and fortunes, that, like Jonathan and David, we were inseparable—our friendship stronger than the bands of death. However, after weighing the subject deliberately, we thought it would be for our mutual benefit to separate for the present. Thus we were disposing of ourselves, at the very time when Jehovah was preparing the way for the poor pilgrim to walk in, and unlocking his grated cell.

My brother calculated, ere he set out for Ireland, to take a tour through the eastern states, and in particular to visit Boston. An opportunity now offered.—One of our boarders, who was a methodist minister, proposed to accompany him as far as New-London, as he was going to attend a Camp-Meeting twenty-four miles from that place. My brother readily agreed to take that route; and in a few days left New-York.

I was ready at this juncture to give full

vent to my feelings: painful reflections embittered my days, as the very purposes of my journey from my native land were unaccomplished, and all my hopes wholly frustrated. I was verily wrecked and plundered of every joy.

Poor stranger in a world of woes,
Unsheltered from the direst foes;
On every side a dreary waste
Beset by worse than brute or beast;
Unknown and friendless in the world,
By fickle fortune hither hurled;
No bosom where to hide his woes—
No heart that feels his bitter throes;
A wand'ring pilgrim lost, and driven,
Without a home or smiling haven;
Alone amidst the thronging scene,
Where not a ray of bliss is seen,
Behold the wilder'd stranger poor,
Forlorn upon a desert shore.

Smiles of rapture long have fled me,
Warmest love can ne'er elate me;
Bereft of smiles, on billows tost,
My pleasures and my joys are crost;
Hopeless and sad, no bosom's sigh
Averts my wan struck feeble eye:
Sick of the scene, I fly each spot,
And look around for some lone plot,
Where all my cares and griefs may rest
Beneath the turf, my mother's breast.

The third day after my brother's departure from New-York, I received a let-

ter from him, expressing his pleasure on arriving at New-London, and that it was his intention to attend the camp-meeting at Hebron, although he did not expect to be specially benefited by his visit; and that from thence he would take the stage direct to Boston.

I was astonished to hear from him, particularly with regard to his attending the camp-meeting at Hebron, as I thought that was a place, of all others, he would have avoided.* I was not aware of the method God was pursuing to take my feet out of those snares which had so long kept me in bondage; nor could I see the hand of the Lord clearing those obstacles away, which had been such impediments to my public exercises in America.

God works, and man cannot hinder.—We may devise, and plan, and form schemes—but he can make them all prove abortive. It is wise, therefore, in us, as dependant on the bounty of another for

* The expression here may excite suspicion in the breasts of my readers; but my meaning is simply this: My brother did not profess religion, nor was he a particular advocate for any extraneous method to be resorted to for the purpose of worshipping God; therefore I was the more astonished to hear of his attending a camp-meeting.

every breath we draw, to lie as clay in our Creator's hands, and to be willing that the Lord of Hosts should stand at the helm and guide the ship. We need apprehend no danger while we put our whole dependance in a superior power, and trust him for what is to come This is what elevates the christian and lifts him above the world; petty things cannot move him; his anchor is cast within the vail, both sure and steadfast. He rides safely in a good harbour; the winds may blow, but they never can shake him. The storms may come, but their effect will be the same as though a calm prevailed.—"And the rain descended, and the floods "came, and the winds blew, and beat "upon that house, and it fell not: for it "was founded upon a rock." The christian looks out for his strong fortress with as little concern for the breaking up of the foundations of the great deep, as Noah did when he safely mounted o'er the wreck of other worlds.

The guilty wretch who embrues his hands in innocent blood, startles at the lightning's flash, and cringes when the rattling thunder rumbles through the sky; but the christian hails it as his Maker's voice, and meets it with a placid brow.

"Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
"And lightnings round his chariot play,
"Ye lightnings, fly to make him room,
"Ye glorious storms, prepare his way."

The stiffnecked Jews were affrighted when mount Sinai threatened death, and quaked to rocking. "There were thun-"ders and lightnings, and a thick cloud "upon the mount; and the voice of the "trumpet exceeding loud." But Moses quaked not;* like a firm pillar he withstood it all, encircled in a flame and encompassed with the heralds of a God, whose very countenance is like the sun when shining in his strength.

There is a certain grandeur in the christian, that the Maker of the everlasting hills will ever acknowledge; which places him beyond the vicissitudes of life, and plants him in a sphere where he continually revolves around his parent Sun. Happy in his high, exalted station, let legions, thick as locusts, gather to oppose

* Although St. Paul informs us this sight was so terrible, "Moses said, I exceedingly fear and quake," yet I am of opinion this feeling did not last long, for we find Moses encouraging the people, in the twentieth verse of the book of Exodus. "And Moses said unto the people, fear not; for God is come to prove you."

the christian, and with all the impudence of Pharaoh's host, pursue Emmanuel's little flock. "And lo! it came to pass, "that in the morning watch, the Lord "looked unto the host of Egyptians, "through the pillar of fire, and of the "cloud; and troubled the host of the E-"gyptians, and took off their chariot "wheels, that they drave them heavily; "so that the Egyptians said, let us flee "from the face of Israel, for the Lord "fighteth for them against the Egyp-"tians."

Behold Elisha, the servant of the Most High! See him in Dathan, surrounded by his enemies, with horses and chariots and a great host—no way left for him to escape. Alas, poor Elisha! what wilt thou do?—fall a sacrifice to the cruel hatred of those who long had waited for such an opportunity.—Where is thy God? Is he now thy only refuge in this time of trouble?—Can he help thee and deliver thee from thy foes who are so numerous? "And he answered, fear not; for they "that be with us are more than they that "be with them." Show me—where?—I cannot discern thy friends—I but see embattled hosts compassed round about thee. "And the Lord opened the eyes

"of the young man, and he saw; and be-
"hold, the mountain was full of horses
"and chariots of fire, round about Eli-
"sha." What a soul-reviving thought—the hairs of our heads are all numbered.—What! such poor despicable creatures as we are, noticed by the incarnate God? Oh, yes!—blessed news—thrice happy tidings We are left desolate, lonely, estranged from our dwelling, the sport of fortune, and the scorn of fools; but there is one who never deserts the pillow of the afflicted. "Oh, thou afflicted, tossed
"with tempest and not comforted; be-
"hold, I will lay thy stones with fair col-
"ours, and lay thy foundations with
"sapphires. For the mountains shall de-
"part and the hills be removed, but my
"kindness shall not depart from thee,
"neither shall the covenant of my peace
"be removed, saith the Lord, that hath
"mercy on thee."

Reader, didst thou ever visit the cell of a condemned criminal, and hear the grated door closed on the poor wretch, whose faint voice, mixing with the clanking of his irons, gave a dreary presage of approaching woe? Didst thou hear the horrid sentence past, which doomed him to the scaffold? Or, hast thou spent an

eve in mitigating his wretchedness and assuaging his sorrows, ere that morning dawned which gave the signal to prepare for death? Hast thou heard his groans and seen the start of frenzy, when the loud bell tolled his probationary time expired, and bade him make his peace with God? See—he slowly mounts the place of torture, while the grisly tyrant sits impatient, like the voracious vulture, to secure his prey.—The instrument is prepared—the trembling victim waits the stroke—and on the verge of life he feebly stands—his eyes close—his feet sink—shivering he moves to launch away——when, hark! ———a noise from the distant crowd murmurs "stop!"—the executioner stays his hand—the reprieve arrives—a cry from every voice meets the poor sinking wretch—an exclamation issues from his breast—he sinks, overcome with joy—his chains fall off, and all his agonies subside.———

Is this simile too strong?——No.—— Behold me while my brother was absent, confined to my room, immersed in feelings too acute and piercing to describe—tempted to curse God and die.—What did I suffer. He who had been a source of consolation to me in the hour of deep

distress, and who, when I grieved, would smile, and never rest till he had conquered my melancholy, was gone—and oh, misery! where were my friends?——— *Friends*, did I say?—They were in heaven, not on earth. What can purchase friendship? Is it sterling worth?—No. What then? Why, the gilded ore from Peru's mine. Friendship is but a simple name—its meaning scarcely known—and the number who are thus wise, as little known or valued as rich diamonds thrown before a herd of swine. Friendship leaves the circles of the great, and loves to walk where opulence is never seen; and from the poor man's hovel stalks abroad the noblest workmanship of heaven.

"And what is friendship but a name,
"A charm that lulls to sleep;
"A shade that follows wealth or fame,
"And leaves the wretch to weep?"

Where is friendship? What soil is most congenial to so fair a flower? Does it grow on every mound? Ah, no!—it loves retirement like "the lily of the valleys," and shuns the busy haunts of man——— Wouldst thou know its origin, or from whence it sprung? Go to the manger, in Bethlehem of Judea—there, "as a

root out of a dry ground, without form or comelines, the sacred blossom shoots, and grows, and blooms, and thrives, till heaven and earth are filled with its perfume.

The Redeemer once inquired, who was neighbour unto him that fell among thieves? Was it either of those who looked on the wounded man and passed by on the other side? Ah, no! It was him of whose country the Jews had the most despicable opinion. "A certain Sa-"maritan as he journied, came where he "was; and when he saw him he had "compassion on him," and did just as genuine friendship dictates to a generous soul; he "went to him, and bound up "his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, "and set him on his own beast, and "brought him to an inn, and took care of "him."

Forgetful of past mercies and of past deliverances, and unmindful of the repeated and unwearied forbearance of our indulgent Creator, I continued to murmur, as did the children of Israel when they experienced so many difficulties in their journey to Canaan, and foolishly lamented my hard fortune in bitter self-reproaches—so apt are we lightly to esteem the

Rock of our Salvation. But this sudden and increased depression may be attributed to other causes beside the absence of a beloved brother.

Those who participate too largely in the luxury of feeling, are susceptible in their attachments, and possess a sensibility of soul, which, like the sensitive plant, perceives and shrinks at the slightest touch, are more liable to the tormenting evils of this precarious life, and may eventually fall a sacrifice to their own credulity, ere they are made sensible of the fatality which attends such false emotions.*

Pleasing to warm imaginations, are the busy fancies of high sounding romance, ever judging by external views, and bliss that sparkles for a day, yet dims in using, and in time corrodes—

> " Till oft when far too late,
> " Its owner sees the cheat,
> " And startles to behold
> " His crown for gewgaws sold."

* I have no inclination or desire to condemn the emotions of an affectionate heart, or the nice feelings of a soul attuned by sentiments of love or friendship; but the danger appears to be in the too great indulgence given to such feelings, permitting them to overpower the reason, and undermine the constitution.

Contented with those joys which feed and nourish a carnal heart, and flattered with the ravishing sounds of sentimental pleasure, are not the young and inexperienced drawn by the syren's voice into the devious and winding mazes of destructive ruin? Are they not attracted to pursue a road,* which, though spangled by the fairest flowers, is thickly set with cruel thorns, and formed to lead to noisome chambers, where despair and death weave those fiery chains which bind them down forever.

How seldom will they hearken to the counsels of the sage, and be led in that path which points to Wisdom's temple. But caught by the showy productions of art, they imbibe the airy phantasms of high wrought notions, and form an uncertain basis for a life of pure and settled peace: Then when they venture on the stage of trial, they become convinced of the pernicious effects of those poisonous, yet to the taste pleasing, draughts, which have subverted the very order and sublimity of their better judgment, and disorganized their intellectual system. Time

* "The way of the wicked is as darkness; they know not at what they stumble."

and persevering industry can work wonders; yet may never wholly eradicate the poison. "Unto you, O, men, I call, and "my voice is to the sons of men." "Those "that seek me early shall find me."

Warnings are like friendly angels, despatched from the Holy One and Watcher, who holds his court beyond the borders of this little planet. Come in what shape they may—though in the plain attire and contemptuous garb of fishermen—though the outside cover shows no brilliant signs of greatness, nor carries bearings of armorial splendour. "But we have this "treasure in earthen vessels, that the ex- "cellency of the power may be of God, "and not of us." We are but the standard bearers of our chief: "The voice of "those who cry in the wilderness, prepare "ye the way of the Lord; make straight "in the desert a highway for our God." "A sound of battle is in the land, and of "great destruction." "Call together the "archers against Babylon; all ye that "bend the bow, camp against it round a- "bout."

Oh, sinner!—God—the eternal God is encamped against thee, and stirreth himself up to destroy thee. He will break thee in pieces, and there will be none to

deliver. There is a sound gone forth, to call thee from the error of thy ways.——Up!—get thee into the high mountains of Jerusalem, and cast thy eyes upon the goodly lands of Israel, and see! her tents are destroyed—her cities are desolate—her people scattered, because of her iniquity. "Turn you at my reproof," saith the Almighty; or he will whet his sword; and rise up in battle against thee, and tread upon thee in his anger, and open the earth that it may devour thee. Already the winged messengers of his wrath take unerring aim, to fell thee to the ground and grind thee to powder.——Are these warnings treated with cold and silent apathy?——Pause————Are not these words either opening the door of hope and mercy to thy soul, or unbarring yonder treasure house, and adding to the mighty heap another load, to press thy soul with tenfold vengeance into the pit of hell!——Awful thought—that every line should prove a curse, and not a blessing. "If thou warn "the wicked, and he turn not from his "wickedness nor his wicked way, he shall "die in his wickedness; but thou hast de-"livered thy soul."

Reader—contemn not the warnings that are scattered throughout the preceding

narrative, although from the pen of one who never plucked from ancient philosophic lore, a choice or studded garland to decorate his brow, nor gathered flowers from Virgil's florid page; but who would proudly wield a shepherd's sling, and march in all the lowly pomp of simple truth, nor fear to meet, in open combat, all the enemies of that cross which held the hallowed body of his Prince.

"Steel me to shame, reproach, disgrace;
"Arm me with all thine armour now—
"Set like a flint my steady face,
"Harden to adamant my brow.

"Bold may I wax, exceeding bold,
"My high commission to perform,
"Nor shrink thy hardest truths t'unfold,
"But more than meet the gath'ring storm."

In the afternoon of that day, which I trust shall be the last that will be a witness to the melancholy sighings of a heart pierced by sorrow and borne down by grief—while exclaiming against the madness which led me to forsake my country and friends and seek an asylum in a distant land, I was prevented from pursuing my gloomy reflections by the sudden and unexpected entrance of my brother, who, with a countenance unusually cheerful, ad-

dressed me, and in all the impassioned language of heart-felt sympathy, beseeched me to give up mourning and throw away my weeds of sorrow.—"Up!" said he, "go and possess thy Eden.—Thou hast crossed the Red Sea, and traversed the desert—behold, the little stream of Jordan rolls between. Fear not to launch away—pluck up fresh courage—gird up thy loins—address thyself to Sion's Conqueror—view yon eastern shores—go proclaim a Saviour's name, and let the starry pendant of the manger's God wave through Connecticut's farthest bounds."

"The soul that on Jesus has lean'd for repose,
"He will not, he cannot desert to his foes;
"That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
"He'll *never, no never, no never* forsake."

Quick as the rapid stream which rushes o'er some deep mouthed, rocky bed, I started from my couch, and drawing the glittering falchion from my bosom, that had slept ingloriously at ease, and flying to the arms of Hope, she clasped me to her peaceful bosom, and spreading forth her broad and downy pinions, cut the air, till within the peaceful woods of Thompson, I beheld the crowded tents of Israel's camp,

and mingling with the happy throng, from the bending willows snatched my lone and silent harp, and touched the first strains which burst from a grateful heart.

SONG.

"ONCE on the stormy seas I rode,
"The storm was loud, the night was dark;
"The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
"The wind that toss'd my ft ound'ring bark.

"Deep horror then my vitals froze;
"Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem—
"When suddenly, a star arose;
"It was the Star of Bethlehem.

"It was my guide, my light, my all;
"It bade my dark forebodings cease;
"And through the storm of danger's thrall,
"It led me to this port of peace.

"Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
"I'll sing first in night's diadem,
"Forever, and forever more,
"The Star—the Star of Bethlehem."

THE CONCLUSION.

Reader—suffer me to address you on a subject which deeply-concerns you; and permit me to engage your attention, and call up your thoughts to the important concerns of a day which will reveal the secrets of all hearts, and open the stagnant pool of misery to thy terrifying gaze.—Shall I denounce the curses of a broken covenant, to alarm your fears? Shall I publish the terrors of the Lord, to convince you of your need of Christ, and stir you up to escape the just judgment of heaven?

Considerations of this kind are calculated to call up your attention, and rouse you from your deadly slumber.—But, oh! sinner, the most lively representations would fall very far short of the dreadful reality. If a description of the horrors of the damned causes your heart to grow sick, and unnerves your proud arm, what just idea can we have of that man's wretchedness, who feels the full consummation of all those gnawing pangs which expose his filthy soul to feed the fires of

wrath divine, where no refreshing stream flows to cool his vehement thirst.

Are you not daily aggravating your misery, by living at such an immense distance from your God; and making your reconciliation with him more difficult at a future time? Is there not but one step between you and death?—How unwise, therefore, to put off preparing for that hour. Consider before you proceed on your journey.—You are at this moment either a follower of the Lord Jesus, walking in all his commandments, blameless; or a poor, miserable offender, under the frowns of justice. Could you but see your awful state, what a cry would burst from your bosom—you would not rest easy on your pillow—sleep would fly your couch—you would be deaf to the insinuations of a false, deceiving world, or the pretended friendship of a cheating devil—you would lay aside your business, and, flying to the cross, you would importune its bleeding victim to rescue your soul and body from the cruel gripe of hell.

These pages will witness against you in the day of eternity.—The blood of Christ staining Calvary, will witness against you.—The walls of every sanctuary you have entered will speak, and every

blessing will cry aloud for vengeance. Is every argument exhausted?—every motive used? Is there no voice in all the dreadful denunciations of the bible, to start you from your dangerous posture? Is there no knock from without—no whisper from within, to shake you from your false security? Look up!——all heaven kindles in terrific ire!———Look beneath!——all hell moves in bursting flames!——— Look around!——all creation loudly thunders, and declares there is a God!——— Ho! sinner!—stop!—hear me.——You may now—even now, escape—the strong holds are nigh—thy redemption is at hand. But if you persist in rebellion, hear what the Lord saith: "Though they dig into "hell, thence shall my hand take them: "though they climb up to heaven, thence "will I bring them down."

There is no security for you beyond the grave—"Therefore hell hath enlarged "herself, and opened her mouth without "measure; and their glory and their mul- "titude, and their pomp, and he that re- "joiceth shall go down into it." Brave not the fury of such a dreadful storm.—Be cautious lest you fill up the measure of your iniquities. "Can ye escape the damnation of hell?" Or, can you meet

the Almighty in single combat, and force your passage to his throne? Are your arms brass and your sinews iron, that you dare contend with Him who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance? Shall I beseech you by the meekness and gentleness of Christ, and bring my arguments from the kind and endearing condescentions of his love? Shall I present you a true picture of such wonderful benevolence, as is sufficient to break the hardest stone? Shall I avert my eyes from all the terrors of the law, and veiling the horrors of mount Sinai's frowning visage, draw aside the curtain which encloses bleeding love, and point you out the gentle pleader in his garments dyed with blood? Will the pitying attitude which he now assumes, melt and thaw your proud, rebellious heart?———Turn not your face—look steadily on the cross——Who is it hangs there?—What murdered innocent bleeds there?——See the trickling tears commixing with the ensanguined current, running in torrents from the open gashes in his blessed body.—Hark!

——he cries—while nature shudders at the sound, and opening tombs disgorge their silent inmates. The sun, whose ruddy beams lay along the rugged hill, started when his rays caught the naked form of Bethlehem's guest, and shrinking, hasty threw a mantle o'er creation.—Rocks shivered into atoms, while a general gloom travelled through the spacious globe.—— Sinner, haste and see him die.—Can you endure the sight? Will you continue ungrateful? See—he opens his tender arms to embrace you—he invites you to come. Behold, he lays his mangled body in your way, to stop you in your self destroying course. Will you still press forward, and trample under foot the Son of God?—— Behold, his blood, in wide rivers of redeeming grace, rolls between you and the place of torment. Will you wade through this mighty sea, to endless ruin?—Will you carry with you all the horrors of a guilty conscience? made still more guilty because you had it in your power to escape the wrath to come; but you insulted and abused the goodness that would have saved you.

Look not contemptuously on these warnings. For God's sake—for the sake of your own soul, escape—for a messen-

ger from heaven pursues you, and may strike his javelin to your heart. Hasten to your Saviour—make no delay—hurry on with speed—rush through every difficulty—break down every opposition.

Dear reader—I am done.——I bid you farewell, commending you to the care of Almighty God, and devoutly praying that you may arrive at last in the mansions of everlasting repose and quiet; there to ascribe might, majesty and dominion to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever.—*Amen.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

By J. N. Maffitt.

ON VIRTUE.

CANST thou blend in colours bright
The beauties of a virt'ous maid;
No gem e'er glisten'd to your sight,
With half the brilliancy of shade.

The lily sparkling with the dew,
Can never boast of tints so fair,
So witching with its softest hue,
Such varied sweets compare.

Though nature in her bounteous hours
Enwrap'd each prospect with her bloom;
Scatter'd the landscape with her flowers,
And breath'd the nectar of perfume:

Led the clear rippling waters 'long
The forest wide and op'ning glade;
Bless'd the thick wood with warbler's song,
Fresh'ning with daisies every mead.

With all these charms by nature bless'd,
Enliv'ning with their gay, glad smiles,
Give me, kind heav'n, *one virt'ous breast*,
I'd look contempt on nature's wiles:

Gladly then dwell on Iceland's shore,
Or range the torrid burning zone;
Her beauties there would heighten more,
And cheer me in a land unknown.

A treasure 'tis more rich than gold,
Or *earth*, or *crowns*, or *worlds*, beside,
More precious than the diamond's mould,
That living blooms, whate'er betide.

TO A LADY,

On the sudden death of a beloved Brother.

ANNA, wilt thou still delay;
Still linger on some happier day,
When roseate blossoms deck'd thy way,
And sooth'd thy hours with virtue's lay.
Tho' sad thy heart, thy tears inurn,
And now no longer William mourn:
Tho' snatch'd untimely to the grave—
Ingulph'd so soon by sorrow's wave;
Tho' blasted by the ruthless storm—
No blessing—save in vision's form.

Tho' transient was his sun, and wan'd
Like yonder paler moon-beam stain'd—
He lives in mem'ry like the past,
And sheds around a deadlier cast
On earthly joys—on moments' pain—
Each sweeter tho't of purest grain.
He lives above in kindred skies;
Whence then, O Ann! these painful sighs?
That languid look? that heavy eye?
You'll shortly join him in the sky.
Your loves then crown'd with joy, you'll meet,
And both enclasp a Saviour's feet.
Athwart those orbs, tho' dim with wo,
A rubied tribute long shall glow;
And when it wanes in either eye,
Thy heart will shed a deeper dye.

Impromptu on an Earthquake.

THE trees are shatter'd by the blast,
Dark clouds the happy sky o'ercast—
The light of morning's past away;
Fled is the sun, nor left a ray.
Agast, the waves now sink to rest,
Or heave upon their wat'ry breast;
And nought is heard above, below,
But screams of terror—direful wo!

Mild nature of her smiles bereft;
No beauty on her bosom left—
While every branch of fruit despoil'd;
The scattered herdsmen all recoil'd,
To hide within some craggy steep,
Or, startled, 'neath some cavern creep!
Convulsive shocks all nature gives,
And earth, and sky, and heaven, now lives;
Whole cities buried in the crash,
And houses, rocks, together dash.
Thus, when an earthquake shakes the land,
No creature can its pow'r withstand,
Unless the thund'rer of the skies,
That grasps the lightning, downward flies
To our relief; then at his nod,
Nature, obedient, owns its GOD.

ON PITY.

AH! who can hush the anguish'd sigh—
What voice can sing its lullaby:
What balsam heal the wounded heart;
Ah! who forbid the tear to start?

No music soft as zephyrs mild,
That oft remurmurs through the wild;
The very melting of its air
Is sainted *Pity's* mingled prayer:

That when commix'd, her thrill imparts
The promis'd rain-bow to those hearts,
Whose shud'ring fears no bliss can know;
No vista see of heaven below.

Benign enchantress, in whose breast
The aching heart is sooth'd to rest;
Where blasted hope and black despair
Sit the lone inmates with'ring there.

Oh, how thy plastic hand can steal
The fallen, long sear'd leaf, away;
Lone sorrow's raving throb can feel,
And o'er the frantic bosom stray.

On the approach of Winter.

NOW smiling summer wanes to say
My lavish'd beauties die;
And winter drear, in sad array
Darkens the glowing sky;

Blights with its cold each tender plant—
Its verdure blasts with frost:
No more the daisy'd fields enchant—
Their beauteous tints are lost.

The warbling songsters of the grove,
Dejected—all forlorn,

Now chirping round the bow'rs they love,
In sadness seem to mourn.

Each fragrant shrub, the blushing rose,
In mildest crimson drest;
'To please the eye no longer blows,
Nor decks fair beauty's breast.

'The breath of morn divinely sweet,
With every genial show'r
'That wash'd the cowslips at our feet,
And glisten'd every flow'r.

The bubbling rill that gently flows
In wilder'd numbers slow;
Now hush'd in silence to repose
Beneath the mountain's snow.

The gloom then spreads in black dismay,
With rain, and sleet, and storm;
Wrinkles the face of summer's day,
And all her charms deform.

How like to man this picture bright:
His youthful days are bliss;
The scene enchants him with delight—
'Tis summer's vernal kiss.

But when each prospect fading, dies,
And sullen swells the blast;
'Tis then he deeply, vainly sighs,
For lo! his summer's past!

HYMN.

GREAT HIGH PRIEST, we view thee standing
With our names upon thy breast;
In the garden, drooping, fainting—
To the ground with sorrow prest.
Wond'ring angels stand confounded,
While they view their *Maker* thus!
And can we remain unwounded,
When he bore it all for us.

I no more at *Mary* wonder;
Dropping tears upon his grave—
Earnest asking all around her,
Where is he who came to save?
Dying love her heart attracted;
Soon she felt its rising pow'r:
He who *Mary* thus affected,
Bids poor *Mourners* weep no more.

To a departed Friend.

ADIEU, thou fondly cherish'd flow'r, adieu—
Transplanted to a fairer, richer scene,
Where all thy nobler powers shall bloom anew,
And blossom with an ever-verdant green.

Say, as thou speed'st thy flight on cherub's wing,
Thro' cluster'd stars that gem the milky way:
Canst thou inhale the mild perennial spring,
And snatch from *Sharon's rose* the golden spray?

Or from the circlet of yon silv'ry sky,
Where crowding glories paradise the round;
Hast thou, as yet, beheld archangels fly
To swell the pealing anthems' 'trancing sound?

Tell me, but late encag'd in pallid clay,
Who now the suburbs of thy home can view?
Art thou astounded with that blaze of day
Which bursts resplendent from the ether blue?

Methinks the sister spirit whispers, no—
As purple crimsons o'er her flowing vest;
Nor can a sigh escape to earth below—
An angel clasps her to his starry breast.

While through the air, an intermingling cry
Of choral voices rend the lofty dome;
The strains celestial bound beyond the sky,
And hail the ransom'd spirit to its *home*.

On the Sabbath day.

HEAVEN'S own gift to man bestowing,
Sabbath with her halcyon smiles,
Fraught with peace, her hours all glowing,
Ev'ry earth-born care beguiles.

Heaven was mov'd to sooth his mourning
Bid the furrow'd cheek light up;
Cheer him while on earth sojourning,
Mingle pleasure in his cup.

Riches from a Saviour growing,
Blissful made by blood divine,
Down rough Calvary now flowing,
Streams of mercy, milk and wine.

But, alas! we slight his kindness—
Will not own him as our Lord:
Guilty creatures, mark'd with blindness—
Care not for his sacred word.

Blessed Sabbaths ever spending—
Not one thought of heaven beside
Never with our wishes blending,
What must soon or late betide.

And can our frozen hearts ne'er melt—
Soften at the touch of love:
And can we—have we, never felt
What e'en angels feel above.

Are these feelings that surround us—
  Make us blest to man below:
Each endearing tie that binds us—
  Touch the heart with sorrow's flow;

Are they fled and gone forever;
  Never more to bind us here?
Can we tear our hearts, and sever
  All we know and love so dear!

Nay, I feel each heart now beating,
  Must not lose a circle dear—
Dare not think of distant parting:
  Who would then their moments cheer?

Astonishment in wonder breaking,
  Frights me with the *moral plain*—
'Tis but now I am awaking;
  Tortur'd is my feverish brain.

Second Part.

ARE those objects worth our loving,
  That attract our stay on earth?
What are all the christian's suffering
  When compar'd to Jesus' birth.

Lowly in the manger lying,
  See the infant JESUS cast;

There behold him, mangled, dying,
On the rugged tree at last.

Think of all his groans and sorrow,
Blood congeal'd with tears and sweat:
Put not off the thought till morrow—
Fly while now those tears are wet.

On the mercy-seat stands wooing,
Asking why? can sinners tell
Reasons of their own undoing;
Why they sink to dreary hell.

Ah, methinks if wisely heeding
All those tender, pleading cries,
We would soon be quickly speeding
Where the Saviour welt'ring lies.

There with Mary humbly creeping,
Wash his pierced feet and side;
Tears of sorrow, gently steeping,
In his bosom ever hide.

Then the SABBATH, when retiring,
Sinking in the western sky,
Traces of her beam inspiring,
Ting'd with hues that never die,

Shall our features deeply graven—
Sleep within each nestling breast,

Mildest beam and surest token
Of *Messiah's* promis'd rest.

Rays divine from heaven descending,
Scatter every mist away;
Calm as beauteous *Eden* bending,
Hail the cloudless *Sabbath Day.*

HYMN.

Blessed Jesus—heavenly guest,
Take—possess my all—
Let me find in thee my rest,
And at thy footstool fall.

Come and cast th'enliv'ning rays
Of precious love divine,
Sweet'ning life's uneven ways,
And round my breast entwine.

Break this rocky heart in twain,
Oh, bend this stubborn will,
Fix my thoughts—my powers enchain,
A lasting balm instil.

Form'd for thine impressive love,
Oh! trace thy image bright;
Fit to reign with thee above,
Where dwells *primeval* light.

There to mix the cherub choir,
With saints forever sing;
Touch'd with Love's seraphic fire,
Make *heaven's high concave ring*.

HYMN.

UP! ye labourers, while tis day,
Fly to your burnish'd arms;
No more be loit'rers in the way,
Nor lost to JESUS' charms.

For lo! he's with thee to the end,
To guide thy hand in fight,
And with thy battles *vict'ry* blend,
And keep thy armour bright.

Armour that's gain'd from GOD above,
The panoply of heaven;
Quivers of arrows dipt in blood,
That to the heart are riven.

Unfold your *Banner* to the sky,
Inscribed with love divine;
Let the broad *Pendant* tower on high,
And heaven and earth combine

To point those streams that flow apace—
They'll shortly flow no more;

The fresh'ning waters of his grace,
That wash *Columbia's* shore.

To all the world the trumpet's sound
Its shrillest echoes fly—
Let the glad news now swiftly bound,
And swelling shake the sky.

Amen, each soul will gladly sing—
Amen—my Lord come near!
Amen—let christian's laud their KING,
And hail his presence here.

HYMN.

FEAR not, little flock, he'll lead you
By his watchful care and guide,
Down by Canaan's waters bring you—
Open all her fountains wide.

View your *Shepherd*, how he loves you—
Wants to carry every child;
Stretch'd his arms are to receive you,
View his tenderness so mild.

There behold each wound is speaking,
While the streams of purple gore
Down in torrents rich are breaking,
Spread around and meet this shore.

Hark! the heavens are gladly ringing,
Peace on earth to sinful man—
Angel hosts are sweetly singing
Blest REDEMPTION'S glorious plan.

Lo! *Cherubic armies* shouting
With the ransom'd millions' song—
Heaven and earth in concert joining,
Swell the bounding echo long.

Haste, then, all ye saints in union,
Press along to yonder skies;
Oh! how sweet is blest communion—
Faith upborn, now wafted flies:

Gains the very *Courts* of glory;
Enters all petitions there—
Jesus' love enflames each story;
Answer'd is the *Christian's* prayer.

Come, oh! come, we long to greet you;
Hail you on your passage home—
Join'd in *heart and hand* to help you;
Never from our Saviour roam.

Travel on, whate'er attract us—
Trample every earthly toy;
Phalanx sure—whate'er oppose us
Christ our CAPTAIN will destroy.

Bless the Lord at every meeting,
Till we meet to part no more—
Oh! what raptures then and greeting,
When arriv'd on Canaan's shore.

Bless the Lord! oh, my soul;
Praise the Lord! oh, my brother;
Shout and sing, oh, my sister;
Give him glory, oh, my father,
And rejoice, oh, my mother,
And we'll travel on together,
And we'll join heart and hands for Canaan.

On the Judgment Day.

HOW dreadful is the parting scene,
When separation is between
The mother, and the child so dear—
When dying hour is drawing near.
But yet an hour more dreaded still
Is drawing near, when trumpets will
Their loudest thunders shrilly roll,
And call poor sinners round the pole;
When husbands, wives, relations, all
That slumber on this earthly ball
Will rise in horror, fear, and dread,
And leave the regions of the dead.

See what a train will 'pear above—
The mighty Jesus, *God of Love*,
Transcendent bright, above the sky,
Array'd in robes of brightest dye;
The clouds in circling volumes round,
Form heaven's bright azure in its bound,
And in the midst with shouts descend,
The thronging angels downward bend;
Their notes re-echo, vibrate long,
And swell the saints' ecstatic song;
While Him who dwelt in manger's bed,
And had no home to lay his head,
With studded stars and brilliant crest,
Our names all written on his breast,
In grandeur which surpasses all
That e'er appear'd on earthly ball,
Will sit in dignity severe,
With all his shining angels near;
Then forth poor sinners from their cell,
Where mould'ring mortals sleeping dwell,
Bereft of every stay or friend,
Their piteous cries with anguish blend,
As through their shiv'ring fibres rolls
The breath of vengeance to their souls.

See the dire features of despair,
The livid hue of wo-worn care—
No light bedecks the murky cloud
That threatens o'er the guilty croud,

While 'neath their feet the cavern yawns;
That burning pool where day ne'er dawns.
The smoke full rising from each wave
Whose boiling billows ever lave—
And blackest midnight reigns alone,
Sole witness to the wretches' groan.

Second Part.

OH, fly! ye blood-bought souls away—
Mark well the horrors of that day:
Haste!—haste!—while yet the GOSPEL cries,
The Saviour weeps—the Saviour dies—
The door is open but to close;
Unfold another big with woes.

See the avenger at your heels,
And *Death!* that now your heart-string feels;
He knocks! impatient to relate
That time is o'er, and cannot wait.
The glitt'ring sword of JUSTICE drawn,
The morn is past—the GOSPEL's dawn
No more will gild your hours with day,
Or guide you on your darksome way.

Once more, in truth, poor sinners fly,
Or soul and body both must die;

To yonder cross—behold that stream—
There you may wash in Jesus' name;
Prepare thy garments, dipt in blood,
And fit to stem the raging flood;
That when the *Trumpet* sounds its last,
No gloom will o'er your features cast,
But hail it as your summons sweet,
And cast your crown at Jesus' feet,
Where lasting pleasures, beyond bound
Are form'd to bloom on heavenly ground;
There pluck *ambrosial* fruit above,
And live all swallow'd up in LOVE.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP in heaven, is sainted born
Of him who all these beauties drest,
On that triumphant, rosy morn
When seraphs bright Elysium prest.
There, as the blissful throng far gaz'd
On Eden, with her God-like guests,
And all the sunny gilded breasts
Of heaven's own stars, where never blaz'd
One lightning's flash, since first the day
Her youthful brow adorned, and play'd
Her dazzling glories in each ray,
To cast her radiance o'er the shade,

In robes of varied dyes array'd,
Those never-fading hues.

There roses mingling, sunn'd with flow'rs
Perennial, blossom all the bowers,
And sweets that never cloy, impart
Delicious perfume to the heart,
And in the song of every bird
That flowing melody is heard
Of angels, who untir'd do bring
Their heavenly breathing on the wing,
And touching harp or lute divine,
Swell the loud anthem's sacred line,
And thus enparadis'd, that pair
The boon of heaven together share.

Alas! from thence, in doleful plight,
The downcast pair are driv'n in haste,
Far from fair EDEN'S sky so bright,
Forth to this wilderness, a waste,
Where pain and anguish dwell—or sighs
The trembling forest with the cries
Of hungry wolves.

No beauty there—all charms now fled—
Nor on the ground, or pebbly bed
Where rivers flow, or stretching pour
Their gurgling waters 'long the shore.

In such a world's devoted soil,
To lighten Mis'ry's load of toil,
Did *Friendship* brood, and there enhance
Those days of sorrow, with a glance
Of heaven's own sunshine to the soul—
Chasing the pearly drops away,
That glitter lonely as that spray
Within the craggy rock's wild cave,
Where billows shatt'ring, backward rave
To let the sunny beam, so bright,
On the blue wave in fancy light;
There streaming, enter for an hour,
To slumber on the gem starr'd flow'r.

Thus, Friendship, thou dost fondly creep
Within that heart, where sorrows weep
Their last, lorn tribute quite away,
Unconscious of thy soothing smile,
And all thy blessed sympathy
That would like angels, e'en beguile
The long—long hours of grief and care,
And bid each day delighted wear
A look of *Heaven!*

Desert that heart, whose throbs are cold
As winter's chill, nor feels the glow
Of warm reception; in whose fold
Oblivion's given to haggard wo.
Desert—as e'er those icy plains
Where winter frowns, and ever reigns,

Without one bud of joy to start
The flower of Friendship in the heart,
Or bid the tear congenial speak,
And swelling trickle down the cheek—
When hearts, who from their throbbing, know
There is a bliss that man can show—
There is a tear whose very glow
Is heaven's own rainbow here below—
A tear—the strongest spell can break
Of anguish.

So sweet that weary pilgrims feel
Its warm enkindling, as they knell
To thank kind heaven, whose pity sent
The blessed, holy visitant.

Early Friendship—oh! thou art dear
As the low vale where cottage dwells:
I think, I feel, and want thee here,
For never will thy magic spells
Be scatter'd to the wind,
Nor leave unblest the mind,
But clasping, still would bind
The friends I left behind,
Forever to my heart.

That heart, whose very sob is pain,
Since suns have set—or in its wane

The moon just wav'ring, plays again
Along the surge, or o'er the main,
Then quiv'ring, glimmers but to die—
Thus did these HEARTS at parting sigh.

And as they look'd and sigh'd, 'twas sore
To faulter, shall we meet no more?
Nor saunter 'gain the jes'mine bowers—
Or in the lilack's fragrant shade;
Or where we sung in youth, or play'd
On mossy banks—all wreath'd with
flowers.

Oh! how the glimpse that mem'ry shows,
Like star light to the sea boy's gaze,
O'er panting billows silent glows,
And scatters round the lunar rays,
When hush'd are surly winds to rest,
Within broad ocean's frantic breast,
And not a sigh is heard to rise
In doleful murmurs to the skies:
Oh how his cheerful home just 'pears.
As dawns the day star—hope e'en cheers
His writhing bosom.

But see, the mantling cloud upstarts,
And swelling, hides the dappled sky.
Hope cowers, and terror steals to hearts
Whose very pulse beats fondly high,

And spoke of home and peace,
And read in every face,
That same dear likeness there,
As when with Friendship near,
Nor sigh'd, nor crept a fear
That angels might not hear.

Thus do we at the grave's low plot
Retire, and kneeling, wet that spot
Where, buried 'neath the humble turf,
Lies native beauty—where no surf
Of sorrow beats across that breast,
Now sleeping in its bed of rest;
Nor o'er those eyes do dew-drops lie,
Nor heaves that heart with mis'ry's sigh.

Oh! thou lone receptacle! where
All beauty withers—and decays
The unripe blossom, flush'd and fair,
Whose morning hours and noon-tide days
Were spent in gayest merriment.
Even there Friendship drops the tear,
Or weaves her chaplet, as she strews
Her flowrets on the lonely bier,
Where hang encircled noisome dews,
And calls the pictur'd past to view,
And tells of hours forever new,
And speaks as if that friend was nigh,
And felt and met the aching sigh.

FAREWELL TO ERIN.

AS musing o'er the pictur'd past,
Whose fading, transient beauties cast
Their air-built phantoms in the shade,
Or on remembrance softly play'd,
To paint the prospects lingering bloom,
That curtains dimly landscape's eye,
Encircling round, with blackness 'sume
'Till starlight spars the vaulted sky.

Thus did a gleam of other days,
Like moon-beam playing on the seas
Of ocean, when its loud roar scares
The watchful seaman to his pray'rs;
Or gives its light to touch the surge
That bursts its fury, fast to urge
The vessel to its fate.

The beam of mem'ry's wily glance
Athwart the woodlands of my home,
My sprightly vallies to entrance,
And bid me on her hillocks roam.
Sweet *Erin!* loveliest of that brood
That stands begirt with ocean's zone;
As Eden once, when angel stood—
The stranger's driven from thee, lone.
How oft along thy meadows green,

I've scented freshness, in the breeze
That swept those spangled vallies 'tween,
And murm'ring, whisper'd thro' the trees,
Or near the streamlet's winding hush'd,
As tipt the bending willow's leaf,
To wet with tears—her branches rush'd,
And weeping, met the *stranger's* grief.

These noontide hours, farewell—
The sloping hill—the dell,
Whose mossy bosom fair
Invites the trav'ler there.

I've sat beneath thy craggy sides,
And wander'd o'er thy beauties oft,
Till moonlight crept where ivy glides,
And stray'd beneath the grottos soft;
Sleeping upon the upland scene,
Mingling its color with the green.
There, when the busy hum was still
Of plumag'd songsters, home retir'd—
How harmoniz'd was nature's thrill—
Her organ swells; 'twas heaven inspir'd
Those gently flowing, dulcet airs,
The longest night of summer wears:
And oh! the gushing tear that spoke,
Just as the morning peep'd, or broke
The spell-bound trance of *Erin's* smile,
As straying with her blushes' wile
To give another charm, as sweet

When rosy perfumes gladly meet
The stranger, on his own dear hills,
The sun his radiant lustre fills,
And red'ning glories deck the east.

Fancy—thy dreams are gone;
The sun that gaily shone
That morning, placid there,
Upon thy vallies fair
Has sunk within her orbit mild,
No more to gild thy native flowers;
Nor hov'ring, dart along the wild,
Bedeck'd with amaranthine bowers.

Ah! could I see thee!—one dear sight
Would pay me for the drearest night
Of sorrow: As on foreign shores
Where louder swells the falling roars
Of cat'racts; and o'ertop'd to skies
The mountains in those volumes lies
Of mists and exhalations drear!
Say, Fancy! where is Erin? where?
I see her not, but nightly dream
Of home—Of what? Can strangers claim
A home? Ah, yes! belov'd as thine
That home; that spot I once call'd mine,
Oh! how it round this heart, enchain'd,
Enfetter'd, wraps itself; and clings,
As did that Ruth, who humbly glean'd
In other fields—its mite now brings,

And on a distant shore now sings
As gladly. Yes, as though fond Hope
In pitying accents, mildly broke
The thick'ning shade that floating grew
And o'er his pathway incense strew,
Anticipated joys on high,
Where *Erin* blossoms in the sky.

But yet 'reav'd friendship, there are hearts
That know this feeling well—and sigh'd
The busy thought, that now imparts
What ne'er has in my bosom dy'd.
As lies the branch, from willow torn,
And sever'd from its native stem,
By whirlwinds thrown, on rivers borne,
Still lives the fondly cherish'd gem,
Though distant from its parent; grows,
Takes root apart, and silent throws
Its sorrows in the stream.

So parted Friendship bids me turn,
And in the bursting heart inurn
Those drops that grow around the soul—
As trickling dew, that gently stole
Within the crevice of some mound,
Through fretted fissures in the ground,
Till icy chillness vests the drop,
And sparry brightness bids it stop—
An icicle in part,
Encas'd within his heart.

There it may glitter, when no ray
Of sunshine gilds the stranger's way.
All joyous days are fled,
As faded roses sped,
Save their cold winter's bed,
Where once bloom'd tulips red—
Now hoary breezes sternly play.

Adieu, and as the sinking hills retire
In sable darkness—with the church's spire,
That rear'd its modest front along the green
Where woodbine cottage lay undrest, between
The stately mansion—with its ivy'd wall,
nlay'd with scutcheon'd trophies in its hall,
And all the fairy scenes of childhood gay,
That now are shrouded in expiring day.

Harsh blows the thund'ring deep ton'd blast,
The sails are shiver'd near the mast;
The darkling horrors quick are furl'd
And tempest all her vengeance hurl'd
To paint each harrow'd picture foul,
The blackness of her vissage scowl,
Call up the tenfold horrors dire,
Of billows from old ocean's sire,
And clenching with her wat'ry grasp,
The fated vessel rude enclasp

With dashing foam, whose whiten'd spray
The only light that cheer'd the way
Of lonely stranger—on that day
He left his native wilds, to fly
Where *Eagle* pinions safely try
Their unfledg'd wings, to proudly soar
And hover round *Columbia's* shore.
Oh, how her spangled banner wide,
Attracts the stranger to its side;
Where richly studded 'bove the rest,
Fair *Bethlem's* star and sainted crest
Triumphant sits, to cast a blaze
Of *Gospel Freedom* on the gaze.
Oh, how it joy'd the with'ring form
Of him, who cradled in the storm,
Where Boreas keeps his vigils wake
With wildest uproar surges break,
And terror reigns alone.

As the return of long sought spring
Plumes the lone brood with glossy wing,
Calls from the bosom cold and bleak,
The op'ning tulip's crimson cheek.—
How calm the day-star stilly rose,
And crept, as vi'lets opening blows,
When elements that war'd and rag'd
Now melt to wooing—mild assuag'd—
The tempest o'er—and daylight up—
The honey'd flow'rets dew-star'd cup—

With all the grateful flush of day,
Pressing the shadows quite away,
That hung encanopy'd around
And stretch'd her curtains 'long the ground.

Adieu, my *Erin!*—yes, thou'rt mine—
I've felt thee round my heart entwine,
And still thy image, printed deep,
Shall live and grow, while gradual creep
The lengthen'd furrows o'er my cheek;
Still, *Erin*—thou wilt ever speak—
And whisper, "Dost thou love me still?"
While down my sickly features will
The briny tear, in slowness move,
And with the sparkling dew-drop rove,
As track'd the weary, restless *dove*
Homeward—and ERIN fondly love.

THE STRANGER.

FIRST PART.

POOR shipwreck'd Stranger, say what
shade
Inweav'd with cypress, thou hast made,
Unclouded were thy hours, and blest—
In beauty's richest vestments drest,
Thy home—thy friends—thy circle dear;
With heaven's best blessings ever near.

At eve, when nature paus'd to sigh
The fitful gale along the sky,
Then wouldst thou near some babbling
stream,
Lone meditation sweetly claim,
Or snatch the fragrance of that hour
When morning spangles every flow'r;
Hang o'er those days whose joys are fled,
Till glows the west embued with red;
See its brown summits lifted higher,
Or wait the sky emboss'd with fire,
While west'ring twilight's velvet eye
Flings her dim lustre o'er the sky;
Then tread the snow-deck'd hawthorn's
side,
Or 'long the hallow'd elm-walk glide—
The mild eve's vesper chaunting slow

Her votive numbers gently throw,
To soothe with pathos—pour the wale
Of tender music on the gale.

These hours are gone—like phantom's form,
Or blust'ring blasts in winter's storm—
Save the lone sea-bird's pensive song
Speckled amid the feather'd throng,
When night her shroudless horrors fling,
And hollow sounds the surges bring.

Or on some rifted rock apart,
With wistful looks, and broken heart,
Or buoyant on the rude rough wave,
Where frantic waters foaming lave,
The struggling seaman mounts each swell
Or hearkens to the last faint knell.—
Then gathers from the horrid pause
That all are sunk within its jaws.
With haggard looks, bedim'd with woe,
He spreads his arms—above—below—
Then grasps some floating plank, to hie
Him safely near the shore—or die.
Desp'rate he buffets—gains the shore;
The effort's great—his strength is o'er;
He faints—nor knows nor feels his pain,
Till Sol his brightest glories gain:
Then starting, on a desert shore,
Behold the shipwreck'd stranger—poor.

SECOND PART.

LONE Stranger, tell me where
Thy wand'ring footsteps lie,
A prowling tyger's lair
Invites thee on to die.

The lion from his den,
Ensteep'd with human gore,
Now couches in yon glen,
With hideous, hungry roar.

He comes to seek his prey
At such an hour—and dread
The hoary monarch's way,
Come share the hermit's bed.

Hush—he cried—frantic, 'lorn—
The *Stranger* is my name;
On gushing floods upborn,
Or jutting cliffs I came.

Friendless—unlov'd—unknown—
Sped by the hand of fate,
I wander here alone,
Nor fear my doom to wait.

Stranger—thy blood stain'd eye
Bespeaks a weight of care;

I've felt misfortune's sigh
And found a balsam—prayer.

Stop! see this tear now start—
It mingles, stranger, thine,
And with it beats a heart
Thou'lt read its every line.

Come feel its throbs, and know
I wipe the stranger's tears;
A spot for every woe,
A balm for all his fears.

Behold yon rocky cell,
Whose shelter 'vites to rest,
In peaceful slumbers dwell,
I'll chafe thy panting breast.

Mark the pale flashes glare,
The thunder hither bends;
Partake my humble fare,
From heaven the boon descends.

The stranger cried—away—
Thy cells no joys impart—
No home invites my stay;
I dare not trust thy heart.

Deceitful as the blast
Whose passing breezes swell

The shatter'd bark so fast,
And nought of breakers tell.

'Twas so—but I must speed
Along the winding dell—
Farewell—by heaven decreed,
Thou'lt hear no stranger's knell.

The forked lightnings play'd
Around the stranger's form,
Along the black'ning shade
He hied him in the storm:

Nor did the flaring gleam
Of fire, that shot its beam
In quicker bounding fly,
As stranger hasten'd by.

Swift as the pinions light
Of some fleet speeded dove—
When, lo! an angel bright
Burst the thick clouds above.

With port majestic, mild,
He call'd the stranger's name:
It trembled o'er the wild
And echo'd back the same.

Stranger! know'st thou that voice?
It is a seraph's cry—

He bids thee now rejoice,
And calms the raging sky.

I bade the hermit's arm
Arrest thy mad career—
Nerv'd the careering storm
That cast thee, lonely, here.

Stranger—the name is blest,
Since angels travers'd earth—
Open'd is every breast,
Each heart 's a stranger's birth.

Then murmur not at fate,
Embrace the cross, thy due;
Endure the shame, and wait—
Be patient, firm, and true.

* * * * * * *

The storm was hush'd, nor sigh'd
Its mad'ning fury 'long
The yawning cavern's side,
Nor scream'd the night-bird's song.

The dusky grey of morn
O'ertopp'd the mountain's brow,
While streams of light adorn
The purling brooks below.

The shadows quickly flee,
While aromatic gales

Fling their soft minstrelsy,
The stranger bliss inhales.

No more in sadness 'tir'd,
He dwells on absent days;
But rapt, his tones inspir'd
With songs of grateful praise,

Hails the blest morn that drew
His soul from earth to heav'n—
With transport fill'd anew,
Gasps for no better hav'n.

ACROSTIC.

J ust as the tinge of evening streak'd its
hues,
A glist'ning tear the dying saint be-
dews;
N or could that tear in silence glide to
rest,
E re it was gathered, as her last bequest.

M ayhap the sacred treasure still re-
mains,
A s starlight glitters when the moon-beam
wanes;
F air as the morn, the blushing rose-bud
lay—
F air as the lily at the break of day,
J ust op'd its lovely colours to the sky,
T o cheer the senses, bless the weary
eye—
T ill, lo! a tempest bade it droop and die.

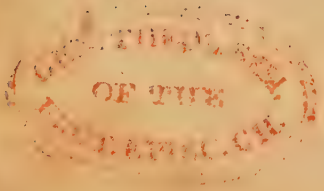
TO MY HARP.

THAT harp whose melting thrill
The soul of EDEN gave,
Is silent, mute, and still,
Consign'd to early grave.

Oh. touch its lonely wires,
Come from GOLGOTHA, come—
A heav'nly gale inspires,
And calls it from the tomb.

Thy spirit's fervor glows,
The pray'r is heard above,
The pensive MINSTREL knows,
And answers, "GOD IS LOVE."

FINIS.



Cookies

3 Pound of Flour 3/4 Pou
Pound 1 of Sugar 2 Spoon
Pearlash 1 Pint of Milk

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